THE NEW REPUBLIC

Nixon on the Eve

William Costello

Who Won What at the UN?

Perry Laukhuff

Growth! Growth! Growth!

Oscar Gass

Waking Won't Be Easy

The Editors

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

Cranberries, Quahogs, Reporters

★ Kennedy people expect 600 reporters will be roaming among the closed summer cottages of Hyannis and Hyannis Port election night. If things turn out right the number will swell next day. The dateline "Hyannis, Mass.," will circle the globe. The Kennedy staff is setting up 50 telegraph circuits and equivalent telephone lines. But where to sleep everybody? There are four small hotels of which the largest, The Hyannis Inn (no bar), has about 80 rooms and the other three (including The Yachtsman) are closed down but will re-open. The closest city, Boston, is 100 miles off.

In November a bone-chilling breeze blows off the Atlantic between Nantucket and the Vineyard up the Muskeget Channel to Hyannis. It makes the eyes dance and blood tingle and people who survive it are supposed to live a long time.

The vacationing "summer people" are gone now, cottages are boarded, the clamshell and trinket trade is hibernating and natives have relaxed into their quaint Cape Cod customs. These consist of harvesting cranberries and quahogs after harvesting the tourists. During the day they thank God intermittently that they can cross Main Street again.

If the election goes as expected the Kennedy staff thinks about every fifth person in Hyannis will be working for a paper, radio or TV and interviewing each other. Biggest lack is a central work area: one idea is a tent – but how do you heat a tent? Another is to string loudspeakers in trees for community announcements. Already it is understood quaint old characters are brushing up their Yankee dialects and artless phrases for expected interviews.

A Disagreeable Sort

★ This is all a mite premature, of course. The election isn't in the bag. Yet the essential fact seems to be that a great many people have decided that Nixon is really a quite disagreeable sort of a person, and equivalently, that in Kennedy they are seeing the emergence of a big new political personality.

The campaign is almost over; 10 years from now what of it will I remember? Well, there will always be the folksy-wolksy talks of Nixon – I'm afraid it will be hard to forget them . . . the tawny mellow-gold fall foliage . . . the terrifying, wall-to-wall ant-carpeting of the multitude at the corner of Broadway and Wall Street, with tickertape coming down . . . the single high female squeal that invariably tops the crowd's yell in any salutation as discernible to the attentive ear as the piccolo in the Boston Symphony . . . the shouting, running, waving, laughing crowds as Kennedy passes down Main Street – the glow he leaves after him . . . and finally and above all, I guess, the platform manner of the young Kennedy as he first burst on the American consciousness, the too-rapid delivery, the broad A, the monotonous poke, poke gesture of his right forefinger as though punching holes in a stream of invisible doughnuts, the sober, quiet, and intense utterance almost without rhetorical flourish, and the feeling he creates (almost as much because of the faults of his delivery as in spite of them) that he is powerfully and ardently dedicated to getting the United States off dead center and moving again after its eight-year, Rip Van Winkle nap with Eisenhower.

Poor Richard?

★ Of course Nixon may win. But we don't think so, and we still think Republicans should have picked Rockefeller. Looking back over it, all the things that have happened to Nixon since nomination shouldn't have happened to a better man. He started off in the lead with an acceptance speech that, while corny, sent millions into raptures. Then these misfortunes occurred. He underestimated Kennedy and accepted joint TV appearances (which may have cost him the election). His make-up at the first appearance was a disaster and for 10 days reporters discussed what sort of face powder he should have used. Then the economy slid downward as he boasted of prosperity. In a ridiculous episode his running-mate Lodge tripped him up over a Negro in the Cabinet. The Poling-Peale episode made the religious issue look silly. Supporters Rockefeller and Senator Javits (R, NY), had to take public issue with his contention that US prestige is at an "all time high." While Kennedy did the simple, decent thing in telephoning sympathy to Mrs. Martin Luther King when Georgia jailed her husband, Nixon kept awkward silence. Beset by bad news, a cold, and hecklers at Muskegon, Mich., Nixon blew up –and told interrupters, "Don't try anything on me or we'll take care of you!" (The Monday before he told an audience "the President of the United States must never lose his temper.") And finally he withdrew, rather lamely, from a fifth TV debate.

Kennedy had problems, too, like the bishops in Puerto Rico (which underscored his own running difference with his church) but nothing like Nixon's.

Notes

★Who said this in October, 1952? – "This nation has lost its military superiority . . . and the people of the world are 5 to 1 against us instead of being 9 to 1 on our side as was the case when the war ended?" Why, Vice President Nixon! . . . The rival parties of the German parliament have observers traveling with the two candidates, both deputies: they are supposed to be boning up techniques for the big German election next year but in addition are trying to size up future US foreign policy . . . Loss of US gold abroad is due to an imbalance of foreign exchange as America spends, lends, invests and gives away more dollars than we get back; this has all happened under Eisenhower and something, of course, must be done about it – what was disturbing was that Ike at Philadelphia last week tried to pin responsibility on Kennedy and the Democrats. . . . We don't suppose Eisenhower always knows exactly what goes into the speech they give him, but this was like Nixon's charge that if a recession comes it will be due to Kennedy's talking so much about it.

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Waking Won't Be Easy

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Gilbert A. Harrison, Editor & Publisher
Helen Fuller, Managing Editor
Selig S. Harrison, Associate Editor
Robert Evett, Books & the Arts Editor
F. R. Ruskin, Assistant to the Publisher
Contributing Editors:
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Senator Kennedy has fought with the air of a champion confident of his destiny and certain of his triumph. Ten days before the election, his self-assurance would appear justified. He may not fulfill the expectations of James A. Farley, who predicts that Mr. Nixon will carry no more than 10 states and that the Democratic landslide will be comparable to that of Franklin D. Roosevelt in 1932. But if something resembling an electoral sweep for Mr. Kennedy does not occur, a number of political experts and plain kibitzers are going to be as surprised as the *Chicago Tribune* was on November 2, 1948.

Senator Kennedy is known to be a man of calculation, one who is realistic about his own fortunes and not given to self-deception. In these past few months traveling about the country he has also been asking the American people, as Adlai Stevenson did before him, not to deceive *themselves*, not to accept the complacencies put forth by the Administration. It is never a theme heard gladly. And if the voters grant him success on November 8, they will not have granted him any more than a brief moment of ease. For think of the stamina and persistence he will need as President to sustain a national mood of self-criticism, to keep the public and the Congress awake to dangers, to dispel the backlog of illusions. For years we kidded ourselves that the US nuclear monopoly and the threat to retaliate massively would keep this country on top of the heap and contain Communist expansion. We kidded ourselves that by paying tribute in the form of dollars and goods to underdeveloped countries, they would scorn the immoral gospel of "neutralism." For a time we believed, for Secretary Dulles told us so, that since God made all men, the enslaved peoples of the godless Soviet Empire would revolt and so prove the universality of our view of man's nature. We have thought that Communism could not for long command the obedience of millions on the Chinese mainland, that someday, some way they would rise at Chiang Kai-shek's bidding and throw out their oppressors. We have taken it for granted, for the President said so, that what is good for free enterprise (usually meaning the large corporations) is good for the country – indeed, that it is the salvation of the world. We have taken the word of orthodox economists that the satisfaction of consumers' desires is the only, the ultimate test of the soundness of an economy. We have assumed that the Western Alliance is cemented by an indestructible common tradition; that we could keep the key to the atom safe in our hands and that somehow this would prevent other nations from obtaining these

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Great Moments in Medicine

weapons on their own; that West Berlin could be defended short of war, and that if it came to a showdown our Western allies would be on our side. Millions of Americans, and not only in the South, have been blind to the relationship between their attitudes toward the American Negro and the attitudes of non-white nations in all parts of the world toward the United States. And so, more affluent than ever and never having experienced military defeat, we have drifted from day to day, and neither Cuba's defection nor Khrushchev's waving a shoe in the UN has stirred the general public to any intellectual exercise more vigorous than wondering vaguely about "national purpose."

Senator Kennedy wants us to wake up, to go forward. No one objects to that, in principle. No one objects, in principle, to being generous, intelligent, courageous, or to giving up bad habits. But when a Kennedy Administration says – "now, this is what must be done!" – it is bound to meet resistance, and not only from Republicans. Lyndon Johnson and many of his Democratic colleagues have boasted of their patriotic support of the President's foreign policy; that is to say, their willingness to drift along with him. Indeed, when the Quemoy and Matsu issue first arose in the campaign, there were Democrats who said privately that Kennedy's criticisms were dangerous. That these realities should be raised and debated so publicly and so specifically seemed to them deplorable. Yet until these issues came into the open, the discussion of foreign policy had alternated between incontrovertible abstraction and overblown minutiae. The injection of them brought stubborn reality to the interchange. The Cuba issue, though the discussion of it verged on the irresponsible, did at least remind us of the futility of merely inveighing. For what Senator Kennedy said, in substance, was that we would have to choose between abiding Castro and paying the cost of his riddance. And he was saying that neither choice will be easy. Quemoy-Matsu reminded us of the liabilities accompanying even unavowed acts of policy. An excess of cleverness got the US on the hook in the Formosa Straits; failure to face up to the problem in making a Mutual Defense Treaty with Chiang's regime has kept us on it. The next Administration will have to choose whether to enlarge the risks or cut the losses.

Wherever the next President turns, to problems of foreign aid and trade; to the rebuilding of Western Europe's confidence in America's competence and generosity and power; to nuclear disarmament, or, short of this, to ways of integrating the nuclear defenses of the West; to the reinforcement of hemispheric solidarity; to the fashioning of a more rewarding partnership with the new nations of Asia and Africa, he will be confronted by a habitual reluctance to shake loose from the past. His ultimate weapon is the prestige of the Presidency and the capacity of the public to accept what is shown to be necessary. As never before, the White House will have to be used as a permanent educational platform, for if the country is to move forward, some treasured illusions will have to be unlearned: "It could be worse," "it isn't necessary," "we don't dare," and "we can't afford it."

Neutralism in Africa

One of the several crosses which Dag Hammarskjold must bear is the well-meaning tribute of Western journalists bent on making him a Cold War hero. A case in point is the article by Joseph Kraft in the November *Harper's*, which purports to tell "The Untold Story of the UN's Congo Army." Mr. Kraft's account of the backstage maneuvers by which, he says, Hammarskjold pump-primed the African lobby into demanding intervention and then molded the UN force around a "conservative" rather than a "radical" nucleus provides an authentic-sounding substantiation for Soviet charges (and African suspicions) that the Secretary-General is guilty of conduct unbecoming an international civil servant.

One hopes that Mr. Hammarskjold has not been so heavy-handed as Mr. Kraft suggests in separating the "conservative" sheep from the "radical" goats in Africa, for, as both the Western powers and the Soviet

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Union have learned from their particular protégés in the Congo, African politicians have a disconcerting habit of refusing to stay put.

Take the case of newly-independent Nigeria – which the compartmentalists have been assuring us would be a stalwart, conservative, pro-Western pole in African politics, even possibly an ally. But in his maiden address to the UN, Nigeria's Prime Minister, Sir Abubakar Tafawa Balewa, while promising that Nigeria would not forget "old friends," said that it had no intention of aligning with any power bloc. He urged the UN to support "firmly" the Congolese central government (*i.e.*, Lumumba) pending new elections; and he contended that settlement of the Congo crisis should, on the political level as differentiated from the technical level, rest primarily on the African states. Nigeria is not about to veer toward Moscow, but Sir Abubakar recognizes that Nigerian internal unity and his country's ability to wield influence in larger African councils requires a clear break with Nigeria's colonial past and some adaptation to the revolutionary spirit of Africa today.

Similarly, the meeting in Kampala, Uganda, on October 26 of the Pan African Freedom Movement of East and Central Africa – in which Kenya's Tom Mboya and Tanganyika's Julius Nyerere are key figures – called on its members to devote their material and moral resources to immediate destruction of the Central African Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, rejected Britain's Monckton Commission recommendations for a less drastic solution in Central Africa, and supported "without reservation" the legitimate and constitutional government of deposed Premier Patrice Lumumba. It also called for the early release of Jomo Kenyatta to head the Kenya nationalist movement and urged immediate UN intervention in the Belgian trust territory of Ruanda-Urundi. In part, at least, the radical nature of these resolutions reflects the political necessity for men such as Nyerere and Mboya to extricate themselves from the embrace of their Western (especially American) admirers.

On the other hand, a potentially important development in quite another direction took place in Abidjan, Ivory Coast, where 11 heads of French-speaking West African states met for three days last week to lay the basis for what some hope might become a new conservative bloc centering on Ivory Coast Premier Felix Houphouet-Boigny. While official disclosure of the results of this meeting is being withheld pending discussions with General de Gaulle in Paris on the resolutions passed concerning Algeria, it is reported that the group – comprising the Voltaic Republic, Niger, Dahomey, Senegal, Mauritania, the former French Congo, Cameroun, Chad, the Central African Republic, Gabon, and, tentatively, Togo – has thrown its full support to the United Nations and President Joseph Kasavubu in the Congo. The endorsement of Kasavubu has little practical meaning, but it is a polite way of saying that this group is opposed to the pro-Lumumba position held by most of the English-speaking African states, plus Guinea.

This new and more articulate conservative grouping might usefully serve as a moderating influence in Africa, but only if it can influence the total African consensus, not if it splits the independent African states into rigid "right" and "left" wings. The only possible hope of keeping Soviet power out of the Congo and some other weak points in Africa is by reinforcing the sense of common purpose and responsibility among African leaders as a group, rather than by playing up to their differences.

There is a lesson in all this for Senator Kennedy, too, whose statements on Africa in the campaign – particularly his repeated acceptance of Secretary Herter's hasty judgment that Ghana is moving toward the Soviet bloc – suggest that despite his recognition that ours is a "revolutionary world," he imperfectly understands that the neutralism, centralism and socialism characteristic of Africa are not indicative of partiality for the Soviet side in the Cold War.

Conscience and Candidates

"They come to me and talk about God's will
In righteous deputations and platoons,
Day after day, laymen and ministers.
They write me Prayers From Twenty Million
Souls
Defining me God's will and Horace Greeley's.
God's will is General This and Senator That,
God's will is those poor colored fellows' will,
It is the will of the Chicago churches,
It is this man's and his worst enemy's.
But all of them are sure they know God's will.
I am the only man who does not know it.

"And, yet if it is probable that God
Should, and so very clearly, state His will
To others, on a point of my own duty,
It might be thought He would reveal it me
Directly, more especially as I
So earnestly desire to know His will."

– Stephen Vincent Benet, *John Brown's Body*

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The three Roman Catholic Bishops of Puerto Rico may have felt duty-bound, as have countless Protestant ministers in this country, to advise their flock how to vote

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– or against whom to vote in 1960, but in both cases, direct intervention by the clergy into political campaigns may backfire. People who have come to appreciate the wisdom of keeping secular government independent of manipulation by any church body may not take kindly to any clerical effort to issue political commandments in the name of moral principle. There is no absolute rule here, only the rule of prudence. There are times (the taking over of Germany by the Nazis was one) when spokesmen for religion can do no other but speak directly to the political issues and political leaders of the day. But in Puerto Rico, which for years has enjoyed the intelligent and beneficent leadership of Governor Luis Muñoz Marin and his Popular Democratic Party, the Bishops' statement that it was their "obligation to prohibit Catholics from giving their votes" to Governor Marin's party was not only an unwarranted intervention in a political campaign, but an incitement to the kind of anti-Catholic bigotry from which the Catholic Church cannot possibly profit. The true question, in the Bishops' opinion, was whether "it is permissible in conscience for a Catholic to vote against his own religious convictions." The true question could be put another way: In Puerto Rico or the United States, is any clergyman so privy to the will of God in 1960 as to be justified in saying with absolute certainty that fidelity to one's religious convictions requires voting for or against this candidate or that particular party?

How Long a Campaign?

Marquis Childs has raised a point regarding the length of the trial by ordeal. He thinks a shortening of future campaigns is important. The same idea was voiced informally by the Ambassador of a friendly Asian country. "It is more than the Free World can afford," he said, "to have the United States withdraw its energies and attention for six months every four years. It means a protracted time of anxiety and doubt for dozens of countries, some of them with very thin margins. It is folly to have the victor worn out precisely at the time of facing maximum demand in his mind and vigor. For the sake of mankind you simply must cut the time to three weeks or four at most!"

These are important considerations. The rub is that it takes a long campaign to get the national party organizations geared up and operating, for we do not have a parliamentary party system to take national issues into the localities continuously. Moreover, it takes much time to get the issues sorted and shaken down and the candidates functioning at their true level. In an analogy to the turf – all entries look good at the barrier, and only the home stretch tells quality. A long campaign is exacting business, but so is the Presidency.

TV Debates in '64

There will be no fifth debate this year but presumably a President will be running for reelection in 1964. This circumstance will present difficult questions concerning the pattern of TV confrontations in the campaign. Are a Chief Magistrate and the policies, the secrets, and the prestige of his regime to be made targets of direct, unrehearsed partisan interpellation – perhaps at a dangerous moment in world affairs? Can a President in office afford to gamble on losing ascendancy in a sharp debate within sight of tens of millions? Can the questioners be expected to press a President as relentlessly as they do his opponent? Is a President to be held to a rigid time limit in answering questions involving the heart of national policies? Can the dignity of the office be upheld without conditions unacceptably disadvantageous to the challenger?

Whatever the answers to the above questions, some of the practices applied in this fall's TV confrontation should be reconsidered lest they become hardened into useless conventions. The inhibition on notes is one. It puts undue emphasis on memory. A talent for preparing right answers is surely as valid a test of Presidential talent as is volubleness off the cuff. Still another is leaving the determination of questions to members of a panel. It puts a premium on journalistic angles, leaves too much leeway for rigging, and injects too much chance into the creation of issues. Why not let the rivals for office determine the questions? Thereby questions as well as answers would provide an index to the qualities of the competitors, and some of the superficiality and unimaginativeness of this year's discussion might be corrected.

The Reluctant Consumer

In his address to Republican leaders in Philadelphia last week, the President again bestowed the Good Housekeeping Seal of Approval on the Nixon-Lodge ticket and equated good living with the perpetuation of Republican rule. It was not, of course, the occasion for doubts, but the voters are not obliged, as the President was, to disregard some less encouraging economic signs.

Consumer income and consumer buying have both held up remarkably well in previous, recent recessions, largely because of buffers built into our economic system during the New Deal – unemployment compensation, Social Security, insurance of bank deposits, to mention only three. In this current recession (or "readjustment"), however, the consumer is behaving somewhat differently. He is going slow in his purchases, and for reasons that are not hard to find. The unemployment of one person in not quite six in the labor force is one factor that may be making people

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think twice before spending; initial unemployment claims filed in the two-weeks ending October 15 hit a new high, some 40,000 above the previous 1958 record.

Likewise, the numbers of units of various kinds of goods that are being bought by those who are employed is affected by the renewed drift upward of the consumer price level after its one-month pause; and this price rise parallels a continued down-drift in spendable earnings due to shortened work weeks.

But since most people in this affluent society continue to be affluent, present consumer hesitation is not solely the result of reduction in income. Many people who have money are just not spending it. Savings, as a percentage of people's disposable income, have been rising for a year now; in the third quarter of 1960, more than $8 out of every $100 of disposable income was tucked away. Among even those for whom the going is good, the mood seems to be one of reluctance. Why is this?

The Federal Reserve Bank of Philadelphia has put together some figures that offer an explanation. Summed up, they show that over recent years the consumer has become a risk-bearing animal, and is currently becoming painfully aware of it.

During the postwar period, individual corporations have made vigorous efforts to increase the number of "Aunt Janes" among their stockholders. The New York Stock Exchange has put on a successful campaign to interest small buyers and brokers in opening modest accounts. As of 1959, about 12.5 million people owned stock; the number was one-half that seven years ago. This widely-dispersed ownership has changed the composition of consumers' assets. To illustrate, at the end of World War II, consumer assets in this country were extraordinarily liquid: about half were in the form of cash, bank deposits, savings shares and Federal Government obligations; another 16 percent was in life insurance and pension fund claims; consumers had relatively small holdings of bonds and mortgages; and they had some 28 percent invested in stocks.

But by 1959, cash holdings had dropped from 15 to 7 percent, marketable government securities from 5 to 3 percent, savings bonds from 12 to 5 percent. And while consumers only put between $1 and $2 billion a year into the stock market the market value of these holdings has risen to around $300 billion, bringing the value of their stocks up to 45 percent of their total assets. On *these* assets, they have no protection against losses. When the market comes down, as it has in recent weeks, they've had it.

Over the past decades, these consumers have increased their short-term indebtedness. In 1950, for example, consumer credit was $21.3 billion; it stands at nearly $53 billion today. The ratio of liquid assets to this indebtedness has fallen from the exceptionally high postwar level of 13 to 1 – when there were fewer goods on which to spend one's money – to a level of about 4 to 1 now.

This is a new dimension in the American economy. The consumer who owns stock in GE or GM and who doesn't buy a new refrigerator or a new car because the value of his stock has been falling is exerting a force which cumulatively could make his stock fall further.

So long as the big market for consumer goods depended primarily on wages and salaries and employment, steady buying in periods of business fluctuation was a buoyant factor. But when the formerly steady buyer, even though he has the income, ceases to spend it because of the graphs he has seen with his morning coffee in the financial pages of his newspaper, the patterns of the recent past cease to be pertinent.

Opening in Philadelphia

Court-watchers in Philadelphia are about to be treated to a peep into corporate skulduggery and the executive life as lively as a Cameron Hawley novel. The show opens this week with the trial of the first of a score of antitrust indictments involving the electrical equipment industry – indictments which four federal grand juries have been handing down since mid-February, and which together make up one of the most extraordinary and exciting antitrust cases since the early days of the Sherman Act some 70 years ago.

The indictments charge that General Electric, Westinghouse, and twenty-seven other companies have for a number of years been formally agreeing on the prices of some $2 billion worth of equipment sold annually to publicly and privately-owned electrical utilities, and that in some cases they have been dividing the business among themselves according to fixed formulas, rigging bids on government contracts, and refusing to sell parts to manufacturers who are outside the agreement.

The tone of these charges is mightily different from the ordinary charges which have been pouring out of the Justice Department's antitrust division under the aegis of Robert A. Bicks. Nowadays the Department is usually forced into trying to show that there *must have been* some sort of illegal conspiracy among makers of a given product because of resultant price uniformity and/or gyrations. This calls for lots of charts, graphs, and difficult, double-domed testimony from economists and price theoreticians, and quite often (the Tulsa crude oil case and the Salk vaccine case, for instance) a defeat for the government.

But the electrical equipment cases are much simpler. The government simply says there *was* a conspiracy. The indictments put together by William L. Maher, chief of antitrust's mid-Atlantic division, picture clandestine meetings in posh surroundings; and that is not all, they list dates, places, agendas of – and attendees

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at – these alleged get-togethers.

The case which came to trial October 31 – covering switchgear assemblies, vital switching and controlling devices – is a typical one. The outline it gives suggests that the conspirators had a taste for comfort, as well as for the dramatic. Meetings are said to have been held in such hostelries as the Conrad Hilton in Chicago, the Statler in New York, the Cherry Hill Inn outside Philadelphia, and Dirty Helen's, an establishment of some transient fame in Milwaukee. And as the proceedings are described, not only did the company representatives decide who was to get what business and how much they were to charge for it, but they did it with cloaks and daggers. There were code numbers to replace names in their communications, of course, but the most ingenious procedure described is the "phase of the moon" system for quoting prices, which "through cyclic rotating positioning inherent in the formula" gave prices which would look competitive, but which would give the business automatically to the designated manufacturer and allow all the companies to know how all the others bid.

The specificity of the indictments supported the rumors which had been flying around the industry as witness after witness was called before the grand juries: that "somebody talked."

Allis-Chalmers Mfg. Co., I-T-E Circuit Breaker Co., and the Federal Pacific Electric Co. (confusingly headquartered in Newark) – along with three Westinghouse officials and three from Allis-Chalmers – have already pleaded guilty to the switchgear charges. But GE and Westinghouse and six GE officials maintain their innocence and will stand trial.

Out of Business in Britain

Every year TV and radio syphon off more and more of the money that once flowed to the printing presses. Even newspapers and magazines that have survived fight furiously among themselves for the blood transfusions that Madison Avenue gives to media with a mass appeal – and an ABC certificate to prove it.

This is as true in Britain today as it is here. Since the advent of commercial TV the death rate of British newspapers and magazines has reached epidemic proportions. The latest victims are the *Sunday Empire News* and two outstanding London dailies – the *News Chronicle* and *The Star*. The dailies vanished overnight without even publishing their own obituaries.

Both had supported the Liberal Party from their first issues but are now submerged in Tory organs owned by Lord Rothermere. The only opposition in London to the Conservative Government comes from the *Daily Herald* and the *Daily Mirror*. The latter and its free-wheeling *Sunday Pictorial* has no enduring alliances, and on occasion scolds all parties indiscriminately.

Little consolation can be drawn from the fact that the *News Chronicle* and *The Star*, its evening companion in misfortune, had almost 2 million readers when they ceased publication, for their history during the past 50 years has been one of Might-Have-Been. Both might have achieved enduring greatness if the Cadbury family which controlled them had a know-how of publishing to match the millions of pounds they poured into the papers to keep them alive.

The intentions of this Quaker family were good but their business and editorial policies uninspired and erratic, their editorial staffs expendable. (The *News Chronicle* had 10 editors in 50 years and *The Star* had eight).

Repeated amalgamations failed to build up a constant and loyal readership to attract advertisers. There were so many shifts in policy that even the staff lost count. In the beginning George Cadbury banned all liquor advertising and even eliminated all racing news. That policy was hastily reversed when, in a package deal that he hoped would add 200,000 readers to the *Daily News*, he found himself saddled with the evening *Star*, which owed prosperity to its racing tipsters.

Many men who could have given the papers prestige enough to avert this final tragedy were allowed to go, notably David Low, who was brought from Australia to draw cartoons for *The Star*. The Cadburys interfered with and confined his activities, whereupon he joined Lord Beaverbrook who gave him a free hand.

Restrictions caused the resignation of *The Star's* most famous editor, A. G. Gardiner, when he was prevented from criticizing Lloyd George's postwar policies. It caused the departure of H. M. Tomlinson, its war correspondent, and P. J. Philip, its Paris correspondent (both of whom joined the *New York Times*). G. K. Chesterton was fired after he published *The Flying Inn*, a satirical novel. In it were roistering lyrics in praise of beer, and one with these lines:

> Tea, although an Oriental;
> Is a gentleman at least;
> Cocoa is a cad and coward,
> Cocoa is a vulgar beast;
> Cocoa is a dull, disloyal,
> Lying crawling cad and clown
> And may very well be grateful
> To the fool that takes him down.

It did not go down very well with the Cadburys, who *are* Cocoa and who never had a strong sense of humor.

During the past 50 years, of 21 national morning papers, 13 have died; so have 12 of the 21 Sunday papers, while of London's 10 evenings only two survive. In the past seven years 41 daily and weekly papers have shut down; more are tottering on the brink.

But commercial TV with the help of imports from the US is prospering mightily!

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Pollution of the Air

A special committee of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, after pondering the matter for four years, has told the organization's 2 million affiliated members that they have a responsibility they are not now exercising for "foresight" on the "consequences of technological progress." The scientific community should be aware of the hazards as well as the benefits inherent in discoveries and "has the obligation to impart such knowledge to the public." The report cites pollution of the air in urban areas and the relation between nutrition and cancer as two problems which the public too poorly understands.

To a Congress which recently tightened, but not by much, the laws regulating the use of food additives and insecticides, it may be surprising to learn that "the likelihood that the relation between nutrition and the development of cancer would eventually become a major problem for the food industry . . . has been apparent from the work of investigators in many countries for the past 15 or 20 years."

During that time no clear, compelling voice from the scientific community confronted Congress or the public with this likelihood. And much the same has been true of air pollution. For lack of enlightenment the public and its legislators have been slow to demand protection. "If the Los Angeles area were now about to be settled," the AAAS Committee report acknowledges, "it would be a relatively simple matter, given our present knowledge about the causes of smog, to make plans that would prevent a future smog problem. How much more costly is the real situation which may require that an entire community's reliance on gasoline powered transport be altered!"

There are some who think that, at least in other cities, there may be less drastic remedies.

Over the past five years, a network of sampling stations across the country has been collecting, identifying and measuring air pollutants from big city, small town and rural areas. Latest findings show that one of the hydrocarbons – benzpyrene – (which results principally from the incomplete burning of fuels, waste materials or other combustibles) causes cancer in laboratory animals and is suspected of causing cancer in man. Measurements of the benzpyrene content of the air in 103 cities and 28 rural areas has shown that concentrations average 16 times greater in the city than in the country, and according to scientists of the Public Health Service: "If annual inhalation of benzpyrene may be considered a measure of lung cancer exposure, this exposure is about 100 times greater for an urban resident than a nonurban one, and the exposure is greater for a nonsmoker in many large American cities than for a pack-a-day smoker in a nonurban . . . community."

No single, easily identified villain emerges as the cause of the noxious gases, though it is known that automobile exhaust fumes are the largest single source of hydrocarbon emissions. Dr. W. C. Hueper of the National Cancer Institute concludes from his study that the "atmospheric carcinogenic spectrum" in American cities is of almost incredible individuality and "not susceptible to any uniform analysis."

Meanwhile, the California legislature has adopted a law requiring that in the future a device to control "blowby" fumes from auto crankcases be standard equipment on all new cars, and auto manufacturers are including the equipment on cars to be sold in that state. The District of Columbia will probably impose a similar regulation on 1963 models. Prospects for the large-scale national use of anti-pollution devices on cars brightened last week when Studebaker-Packard announced a new device for optional factory installation priced for retail sale at $4.52 – half the previous price of such devices. The US Public Health Service Air Pollution Chief calls auto devices a "real step forward" but adds that the suspected cancer-producing hydrocarbons in auto fumes come from the exhaust, not the crankcase, and can be controlled only by costly afterburners or purifiers. Standards are not yet perfected for these devices, but when they are, it will take federal, not city-by-city, action to make them mandatory on auto production lines.

Jenkinson's Law

The town of Dartmouth, Massachusetts, contributes this week's bit in support of Jenkinson's law ("everybody's crazy"). This summer, the youth of America in that town *did* rebel – against a 35-year-old Social Science instructor named Roger De Hayes. Students at Dartmouth High School requested De Hayes' dismissal for "subversive teaching." They were joined in their petition by parents and other teachers. A local school committee spent a summer investigating De Hayes.

In early August the school committee announced that no evidence had been submitted against him "which would indicate any un-American activities or Communist affiliation . . . but the general content of Mr. De Hayes' teaching method is going to be more thoroughly investigated . . ."

In September, the committee reported that De Hayes, a former advertising man, had been cleared of "Communist or un-American teaching," but he would be placed on probation and banned from teaching Civics.

Wire service dispatches cited only one example of De Hayes' controversial teaching methods: On an examination he asked his students, "If you were a Cuban what would *you* think of Fidel Castro?"

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Tying Africa to Europe

by Robert C. Good

A back-page news item reports that 9 out of 14 former French territories of Africa have asked to be associated with the European Common Market. The future of Africa and the West's relation to that continent may lie hidden just as much in such innocent announcements as in headlined reports on the drama of Leopoldville or the performances of new African statesmen at the UN.

The treaty creating the Common Market, signed in Rome in March, 1957, called for the gradual elimination of all trade barriers between the six members of the European Market (France, West Germany, Holland, Belgium, Italy, Luxembourg) and the simultaneous construction of a common tariff wall between the Six and the rest of the world. At stake for France was her highly preferential trading system with her African colonies: Either they must be brought into the new free trade zone of the Six or France would bow out. Germany, still uneasy over France's last minute withdrawal from the European Defense Community three years before, accepted the French reservations. A protocol was added providing for "association" between the Common Market and "non-European countries and territories having special relations with France, Belgium, Italy and the Netherlands." Foremost, of course, were France's African colonies.

Now these colonies are independent; they have the right to ask, and the European Six have the obligation to grant, that association be continued – until at least the end of 1962. The question then will be whether to continue or revise or terminate the special relationship between the Market and French-speaking Africa. In both Africa and Europe this question is already being discussed – in some quarters, heatedly.

Association means two things. First, the privilege of selling African commodities in a preferred market. Thus, for example, once a common external tariff of the European Six toward the outside world has been set (which will take a number of years), cocoa from the Ivory Coast will enter all six European countries tariff-free while cocoa from neighboring, but non-associated, Ghana will have to leap a 9 percent tariff wall. Association also means participation in a $581 million Development Fund. About 40 percent of this capital is contributed by West Germany, but 88 percent of the Fund has been allocated to former French Africa. This too was part of the price for French support of the Common Market.

The wisdom of some kind of association is not in dispute: The weak, primary-commodity economies and the undertrained, understaffed governments of the new African states must have a helpful relationship to the technically advanced nations if they are to take root and grow. In dispute is the nature and the scope of that association.

Non-associated African states argue that preferential treatment for former French areas perpetuates the "Balkanization" of Africa. From Mauritania to Nigeria, the West African coast alternates seven times between French-speaking and English-speaking areas, between Franc zone and Sterling area economies, between "associated" and "non-associated" countries. Tying in with the Six, argue the non-associated states, simply hardens the old vertical lines of the colonial era which ran directly north from French Africa to Paris; this, many Africans say, handicaps development of strong horizontal ties among new African states themselves.

There is a more immediate fear, however, that preferential trade arrangements involving not just France but all of Western Europe will upset existing trade patterns for the states outside the club. (Certain Asians and Latin Americans may be affected, as well as Africans.) For example, in 1959, 35 percent of all Nigeria's exports went to the Common Market Six. Excluded from the preferential system, Nigeria may suffer as the outer tariff wall of the Six rises.

There is unrest within the Common Market too. The Dutch would like to expand the area of free trade between Europe and Africa, just as they would like to see the United Kingdom included in a West European free trade system. The Germans are more hesitant than ever to aid France in what many believe to be France's anachronistic effort to maintain special privileges in her former colonies.

Last June, Dr. Walter Hallstein, President of the European Economic Community, made a remarkable speech which may point the way to the future. He said that the Six, though having "special responsibilities" toward the associated states, must "fit this policy into a wider framework," assuring "that cooperation which

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ROBERT C. GOOD, *a research associate at the Washington Center of Foreign Policy Research, earlier this year toured West Africa and Europe.*

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can already be seen among the African states can continue unimpaired," and making certain that "any differences of opinion . . . between European nations must not be transferred to their policies *vis-à-vis* the African nations."

Certain modest tariff benefits for the highly protected and subsidized economies of the former French colonies may be necessary, but no sectional or preferential policy will work in the long run. All the new African states need access to expanding markets, reasonably stable prices, and massive aid to train technicians and administrators, which whenever possible should be administered regionally rather than parochially. This is a task that invites the West as a whole, not Paris and London and Bonn and Washington acting as independent agents. "I place *Atlantic cooperation* first," Dr. Hallstein said, ". . . because cooperation amongst the highly-developed industrial countries of the West is in the last resort the key to all the problems which the free world is facing."

But the initiative for an African policy based on Atlantic cooperation cannot be generated in a Europe which remains at sixes and sevens. The initiative now must come from Washington.

Who Won What at the UN?

by Perry Laukhuff

Nikita Khrushchev had barely shaken the dust of Park Avenue from his feet when Henry Cabot Lodge, who should know better, told a crowd on October 17 that "the score, if I may use a baseball expression, was the Free World 7 and Khrushchev 0." *The New York Times*, in an editorial on October 13, listed eight things which Khrushchev wanted to accomplish at the General Assembly. Then by ticking off the votes on six of these and recalling that resolutions were not even introduced in support of the other two, the *Times* came to the happy conclusion expressed in the title of its editorial: "Exit, Empty-Handed."

I do not pretend to know the precise tactical purposes for which Khrushchev came to New York, but it may not be far off the mark to suggest at least three: *First*, defeat the United States on one or more major questions. *Second*, lay the groundwork for a shift in the lineup, which will defeat us later. *Third*, so conduct affairs that it will not matter much whether the US is in the UN saddle or not. I submit that Khrushchev made progress toward his second and third objectives.

Let's look at the votes, for they *do* tell a story.

To take the best first, the General Assembly commended the UN's (Hammarskjold's) Congo policy. This 70 to 0 vote was a resounding rebuff to Russia's immediate objective of removing a check to its African plans. When, however, one reads the accompanying speeches expressing muddled or false conclusions about events in the Congo and demanding expulsion of the colonialists, one is a little less joyful about that 70 to 0 figure. But let us take this as a treasured "penny from heaven."

As for a reorganization of the UN Secretariat and the ouster of Hammarskjold, it is true that these never came to a vote – another "penny from heaven." But the seeds of trouble were planted. Remember again, the speeches by the "neutralists" and the "uncommitted" of Asia and Africa (and the Greater Antilles!), suggesting various possible modifications of the Secretariat structure. Mr. Hammarskjold got the applause, but the termites were already undermining the foundations of his authority.

The election of Mr. Boland of Ireland as President of the General Assembly has been cited as a defeat for Khrushchev. Boland was elected with 46 votes to 25 for Nosek of Czechoslovakia (and 9 for Thors of Iceland). So Khrushchev's candidate did not win and "ours" did. At the same time, never before in UN history has the Cold War been so clearly interjected into an election of the Assembly President. Most elections have been decided by very lopsided majorities, six have been unanimous or virtually so. For the first time, Khrushchev turned his guns on the Presidency; by that much he has succeeded in weakening this key and hitherto impartial office. Witness the Rumanian delegate's open disparagement of Mr. Boland. Is this a gain or loss for the US and for the United Nations?

What about discussion of the Hungarian question? Absolute comparisons of voting records from year to year are difficult because the votes have not always been on the same aspect or phrasing. Nevertheless, on this question, the non-Communist world's vote of 53 in 1956 increased to 54 in 1960 (with a high of 66 in 1958), but the percentage of the total vote plus abstentions has declined from 78 percent to 55 percent. The Communist vote increased from 8 to 12 in the same four years, while abstentions increased from 7 to 31.

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Yes, we "won" again this fall, but the vote of 54 to 12, with 31 abstentions, begins to look dangerously unlike any overwhelming and impressive moral or political judgment by the world on the savage Soviet intervention in Hungary.

Still shakier is the margin on Communist China's aggression against Tibet. One might here expect a clearcut response from the Asian nations who abstain on Hungary. The fact is that each side gained four votes from 1959 to 1960, while the abstentions rose from 26 to 35. We "won" in 1960 by 49 to 13, with 35 abstentions. Our percentage last year was 56 percent but this year only the barest bit above 50 percent. The "victory" is something very far short of "universal" condemnation of Chinese aggression.

On disarmament, Khrushchev's move to transfer negotiations directly to the Assembly floor was defeated by 54 to 13, with 31 abstentions. But the struggle over disarmament has been a long one and must be viewed in perspective. In four years time, on various phrasings of the question, the non-Communist vote has zigzagged from 56 down to 54, while pro-Soviet votes have risen from 9 to 13, and abstentions from 15 to 31. "Our" percentage of the total has declined from a solid 70 percent in 1957 to 55 percent in 1960.

Now what of that perennial, "the question of Chinese representation" to the UN? For 11 years the US has prevented its being discussed and thus protected the seat of Nationalist China. This year again, we "won," 42 to 34, with 22 abstentions. Since 1951, the vote on our side has risen from 37 to a high point of 47 in 1956 and 1957 and is now at 42. Those favoring discussion of the problem, and presumably favoring Communist China's admission, numbered only 11 in 1951; today they are 34. Those who straddled by abstaining were only 4 in number in 1951, as against this year's 22. The US position commanded 71 percent of the votes and abstentions in 1951. In 1960, it commands only 41 percent.

It is true, as the man in the street is told and wants so much to believe, that as far as votes are concerned Khrushchev went home "empty-handed." He could not command a majority on anything (except the question of discussing colonialism, where the US saved face by joining him and making it unanimous.) Let those who wish, take comfort in that.

Unhappily, however, there is a clear record over the years, of static, near-static, or even declining majorities for the US and its allies contrasted with growing pro-Soviet votes and of doubled, tripled and quintupled abstention lists. Our percentages of the total, once sturdy, now hover close to (or, on the China issue, well below) 50 percent. As UN membership has swollen, the US has failed to lead any respectable proportion of the new member states. Prestige is hard to measure, but votes are not. The abstention bloc, now strongly reinforced by the new African states, begins to hold the balance of power. It can decide some issues against us whenever it chooses. The very existence of such a withdrawal from decisiveness betrays a sense of insecurity and uneasiness over the status quo – attitudes which are fertile ground for Khrushchev's threats, ridicule, bribery and cajolery. Khrushchev went home secure in the knowledge that (with one exception) his Cold War opponents are weaker than before, and on the question of Red China they are virtually on the ropes. He is scarcely unaware of the prize bag of abstentions, waiting to be claimed. I should not be dissatisfied were I in his shoes.

The Propaganda Scorecard

But look beyond the votes. No one can gauge precisely Mr. K's effectiveness, but he was on the job, jovial and egalitarian where that counted, harsh and threatening where that did him no harm. He faced a gathering which swarmed with new nations and new statesmen – inexperienced, impressionable, uncertain, sensitive, and resentful of the past; he exploited that opportunity to the hilt. Any ward leader knows how well such behavior can pay off.

Khrushchev blew with a mighty bellows on the fires of anti-colonialism, and to us, this was outrageous hypocrisy. But arguments we find spurious and offensive and bereft of all logic have quite another ring in other ears. Many of the newcomers (and many of the older members, for that matter) are not so familiar with or devoted to our Graeco-Roman-Anglo-Saxon standards of personal behavior in a political forum. May they not be impressed with the vigor and audacity – not to mention the threats – of such a man? May they not also lose some of their reverence for the dignity and strength of an Assembly where such scenes can take place? One cannot help being haunted by memories of parliamentary bodies whose procedures were corrupted or destroyed by Communist disorder and debasement. "Who won" the desk-thumping "discussions"?

Khrushchev's tactic is one that has been worked on the world dozens of times in the past 15 years. A drumfire of wild demands is put forth, which the Communists do not expect will be met at the moment. But everything is stirred up and unsettled. A new position is created, so extreme that any pull-back from it to a "compromise" is a Communist victory in terms of anything that existed previously. The Communists depend

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PERRY LAUKHUFF's *sixteen years in the Foreign Service included posts as Chief of the Political Section for Political Adviser Robert Murphy in the US Military Government in Germany, 1945-49, and Director of the Office of German Political Affairs in the State Department from 1949 until he left the government in 1953.*

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on the delegates' "fairness," their willingness to compromise by meeting the other fellow halfway. (How skillfully they keep that "halfway" point moving toward themselves!) They bank on creating an uneasy feeling among the "in-betweens" that the Soviet Union is being too completely balked in everything and has to be granted some concessions, somewhere.

At the beginning of September, we had no proposals for a veto-bound triumviral UN Secretariat; we had no appeal for Mr. Hammarskjold's resignation, no Cold War debasement of the Assembly Presidency, no demand for the immediate abolition of all (Western) colonialism, no "take our disarmament plan or we won't play (except with rockets)" type of ultimatum. We have all these now. And the typical newspaper headline sums it up as "Khrush Loses Again."

All of these developments are disheartening enough. But equally disheartening has been the way in which so many of the "name" leaders of nations which advertise themselves as "uncommitted" have supported one aspect or another of the Soviet position. Not so long ago the Soviet echo came only from Eastern Europe – oh, yes, and from Byelorussia and the Ukraine. Now we hear it from Nasser, Tito, Sukarno, Nkrumah, Castro, Sekou Toure, not to mention Nehru's reasonable and urbane version.

Everyone knows that a well-led band of rogues can wreak havoc on a very much larger group that is badly led and armed only with rectitude. But why were we so inadequately led? I refuse to believe that free men cannot make a passionate and effective battle for the right. I refuse to believe we cannot produce skillful leaders, or that Churchill was the last of the Davids.

There were brilliant and heartwarming moments. Macmillan provided one. So did Diefenbaker, and Hussein, and Menzies, and Philippine Senator Sumulong, and Hammarskjold (though Hammarskjold could not in the nature of things provide leadership). But of those important leaders who might have taken command, all came late and departed early. And where was the most natural leader of all, the President of the United States? He came and gave a dignified and constructive, if not a fighting, speech. He spent a few hours receiving selected visitors in a hotel. Then he departed for the less tumultuous environment of the White House. It is not good enough to say "I refuse to engage in a duel," just because one doesn't like the enemy's choice of weapons. Yet this seems to me to be essentially what happened. It was bad enough that Khrushchev elected to bring Communist rough and tumble into the General Assembly. It was far worse to let him then dominate the scene virtually uncontested. We needed diplomacy of a high order of both vigor and decency – and we needed it 24 hours of every day. We got protocol.

To this historical failure of leadership, we added naïveté. There was much advance talk, for instance, of the responsibility for *reporting* news but not *making* it on Khrushchev's behalf. Is not a re-examination of "news responsibility" in order? We exclaimed over the Soviet Chairman's "ham acting" on the Park Avenue balcony. Who made it possible? A balcony without cameras and reporters beneath it is just a balcony. Provide the props and it is a stage for an actor. Was Khrushchev's every grin, every quip really news?

In the same category of inviting a man bent on our destruction to come in and have tea was the incomprehensible David Susskind television interview with Mr. K. It was an illustration of a colossal egotism which considers that any glib American can stand up to and put in his place a shrewd, experienced, dialectically-trained world leader. And it revealed a complete failure to grasp the fact that our belief in discussion between two seekers after the truth has no place whatever in negotiations with Moscow.

I am struck time and again by that fine saying of Emerson's, chiselled so boldly across the sandstone surfaces of Hunter College: "We are of different opinions at different hours but we always may be said to be at heart on the side of truth." In a sense that idea is the cement which holds our society together. But Emerson's postulate means nothing to Khrushchev. To think of discussion as an honest face-to-face encounter between adversaries in search of a common "truth" is to put ourselves at an impossible disadvantage in dealing with the ambitions of the Kremlin.

What Have We Learned?

I would not for a moment suggest that the Soviet leader's visit was one long triumphal procession. But my own judgment is that we clearly are in a weaker position than we were on September 19 when the *Baltika* steamed up the East River. If I were to summarize the lessons to be learned, I would say they are:

Leadership is a full-time job;

We cannot rest on our dignity in this struggle;

Foresight and preparation continue to be invaluable;

We need a wholly new perspective on the uses of "discussion" and "negotiation" where Communism is concerned;

We need a radically new understanding of the fact that the world is not cast in the American mold and does not automatically react as we do.

We have acquired some scars at the United Nations, but the battle is not over. We have immense resources of intelligence, of historical inspiration, of power, and of world reputation on which to draw. If it be but granted to us to produce again a leader, and if we will but take the lessons of yesterday and apply them to the problems of today, I have no doubt of the outcome.

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Osborn Views The Campaign

- There is a difference -
The Republicans have nominated: McKinley, Harding, Landon, Coolidge, Dewey, Eisenhower, Nixon,
OSBORN

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If He Scrapes Off the Barnacles

In New York campaign lapel buttons reading, "Neither." In California windshield stickers reading, "For President – Vote No." Two weeks before the election Dr. Gallup concedes defeat.

These are political phenomena unprecedented within the memory of this writer, which goes back a long way. Perhaps they are trivialities without significance; but perhaps they are more significant than anything given out by the candidates or their press agents.

In the year 1900 William J. Bryan, who had been terrific, but had used up all his ammunition, ran against William McKinley, who looked like six Presidents but was not even one – an exploded firecracker against a punctured windbag. Near the end of the campaign Mr. Martin Dooley, the philosopher of Chicago's Ar-r-rchey Road, was quoted by Dunne, his creator, as remarking to Hennessy, "Did ye iver notice how much th' candydates looks alike, an' how much both of thim looks like Lydia Pinkham?" Lydia's bland countenance was used to advertise a patent medicine warranted, according to the ribald ditty, to cure "all female weakness and the pimples on your face."

To the present situation, this is the closest parallel that can be recalled. Mr. Nixon clearly recognizes the desperate pass to which things have come. Through a female intermediary he has gone so far as to exhume the mouldering carcass of McCarthyism, accusing his opponent of being "soft on Communism." Now there is something – a Catholic in good standing accused of being friendly to Communism! Tell it not in St. Patrick's cathedral, publish it not in the streets of Vatican City, lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice and the uncircumcised triumph!

Dr. Gallup throws up his hands and announces that the winner in this contest is utterly unpredictable. Maybe so, but it is easy to spot the loser. The loser this year will be the two-party system. Last summer intelligent Republicans wanted Rockefeller and intelligent Democrats wanted Stevenson. They got neither, and it is their firm conviction that both conventions were rigged to deprive the people of any chance to vote for a man they really like. The professional politicians have us neatly bound, gagged and delivered. Who can respect a system that leads to such results?

But wailing and breast-beating do no good, and not to vote at all would be to abdicate the sovereignty that is a free man's most precious political heritage. The practical means of ending the sorry farce is to elect Kennedy precisely because his election will split the Democratic Party completely. Nixon, with a Democratic Senate certainly, and probably a Democratic Congress would mean four years more of Ike-ism, that is, of inertia, while the future slips beyond our grasp into that of Communism.

The Democrats, given full power, would be saddled with full responsibility. They could not, as Alibi Ike could, blame every failure on Congress. Then when Kennedy tries to meet his responsibility, he will find the barnacle-encrusted Democratic Party responding so sluggishly that it will certainly move to disaster four years hence. His sole chance of survival will rest upon scraping off the barnacles – the partisans of John C. Calhoun and Stephen A. Douglas – and putting the conduct of public business in the hands of men who live in the 20th Century.

If that means lumping in South Carolina and Mississippi with Maine and Vermont, so be it. That is where they should be, for the political philosophy of all four states is an anachronism not consonant with survival in the modern world. A truncated Democratic Party that has an idea and a purpose would certainly be more useful to the country, and probably more successful at the polls than the existing contraption, held together with the Scotch tape and bailing wire of professional politics, contemptuous of everything save the loaves and fishes of public office.

Besides, there is the possibility that Kennedy, like Coolidge and the singed cat, is better than he looks. There is no possibility of that in Nixon's case. He has been tried in high office and has been found wanting – without an idea, without a purpose, without a philosophy other than the philosophy of office-holding, without any of the qualifications required by a man who is to lead this country successfully through the next four years. If Kennedy has not shown much, remember that his first necessity is to get elected. Remember, too, that FDR didn't show much in the campaign of 1932. Not until he assumed office did the country realize that it had a leader, and not merely a nice, amiable fellow with the gift of gab – very much as John F. Kennedy looks today. Better take a chance on an unknown than accept a demonstrated dud.

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Nixon on the Eve

Candidate in Search of an Identity

by William Costello

Richard Nixon sat staring moodily into his glass.

"I'm an egghead," he said, "but nobody believes it."

It was early 1960, and the Vice President was hunched in the seat of a chartered Convair, winging his way back to Washington after a round of public appearances. The hour was late, well after midnight, but for all his fatigue, he was still talking politics.

On these occasions the Vice President likes to adopt a tone of clinical detachment. With feet up and eyes half closed, he sipped at his scotch and totalled up the pluses and minuses of Nelson Rockefeller's withdrawal from the race; spoke of the convention, the platform, the campaign, the opposition's tactics, the issues; weighed the strategies and stratagems he would pursue.

In all this the Vice President pictured himself – with the mixture of humility and fatalism that had become almost a fetish – not as a mover of men or events but as a pawn in the hands of circumstance. He was content to be a lucky accident, a neat fit in the juxtaposition of events; he lost no chance to allude to his own humble past, and, as columnist Mary McGrory was to discern, labored to convince all observers that, like 'enry 'iggins, he was "just an ordinary man." More than once he was to tell a friendly rally, "I can't say who ought to be President, but I'm for Pat for First Lady."

Nixon began the climactic year of his political career in a mood of frustration. For 14 years he had worked unremittingly at fashioning an image of himself that would not seem unbecoming in the White House – the image of a man who could be statesmanlike without losing the folksy touch; who could be firm without being hard; who could give an impression of boldness without recklessness, of caution without irresolution. He had cultivated the expertise of public service to give the image a veneer of knowledgability and substance. He had paraded himself, his wife, his opinions indefatigably across the mass media in a desperate effort, if not to seek an identity, then to give the mass man a symbol of identification.

In the ranks of professional politicians, he had built his reputation as a smart operator, just cynical enough to play at the manipulation of the electorate but not so cynical as to be politically impious or untrustworthy. So soundly had he laid his plans that in the closing days of 1959, he had the satisfaction of routing Rockefeller without publicly lifting a finger of opposition. That triumph might have been enough for most men, but for Nixon it was simply another building block falling into place. Yet the edifice that had been 14 years taking form was still incomplete.

What the edifice lacked – had lacked all along – was an authentic intellectual content. Thus, for Nixon to admit that the world considered him a spurious intellectual was to express the innermost frustration of his public personality. The acknowledgment is therefore of central importance. Apart from it, the campaign has produced nothing that could not have been foreseen.

Nixon's tragedy is that he has never pegged out for himself a square yard of natural earth on which to plant his battle flags. For him no soil is alien, no posture inconsistent. As a result, he has failed to distinguish between personality and character, between form and substance, between illusion and reality.

Nixon has made no pretense of being an absolutist. He has no answer when critics point to contradictions in what he may say from day to day or even from hour to hour. Columnist Marquis Childs has related an incident from the 1958 campaign which reveals the Vice President's singular plasticity.

At an early breakfast Nixon told correspondents touring with him that in the heat of a contest, with pressures from every side, he invariably found himself taking stands that were more *conservative* than his position in fact was.

Later at a second breakfast with important GOP contributors he confided that in the heat of a contest he was invariably pushed into taking stands more *liberal* than his normal outlook.

Another man might have been embarrassed at finding himself in such an ambivalent predicament, but there is no record that Nixon has ever given the matter a second thought, much less found it necessary to explain these doctrinal peccadillos.

What some critics have labeled opportunism or expediency or lack of principle is in many cases not that at all, but a lack of intellectual comprehension. Nixon

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Veteran Washington correspondent William Costello *reports daily from the White House for the Mutual Network. He is the author of* The Facts About Nixon: An Unauthorized Biography, *based on a series of articles which appeared in this journal during 1959.*

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fails to see himself as a figure with a clearly defined place in history because his definitions are equivocal—he tends to see life as a process of accommodation in which decisions depend rather less on principle than on the imperatives of political survival.

He starts from a premise which is unique among men with pretensions to leadership, the premise that his advancement depends not primarily on anything he can do to change the patterns of the age but on his own adaptability. In the Nixonian philosophy, as I tried to suggest last year in my biographical treatment of the Vice President, men do not make the times but rather the reverse. This passive determinism, this insistence that "political positions have always come to me because I was there," has been the means of leading even Nixon himself into deep water.

Echoes of Determinism

Standing at the threshold of the White House, hating Communism and fearing it, this self-confessed "fatalist in politics" at the outset of the campaign condemned the Reds with the very echo of his own determinism.

"The Communist philosophy of history," he said in his position paper on Communism, "is that man does not make history, but is made by it."

In so saying, the Vice President was apparently unaware that he was turning the knife on himself. It is fundamental to his nature that his intellectual pliability lets him be pushed into stands which are not his own. This capacity for reacting to, rather than shaping, the course of events was clearly reflected in his position on the Paris Summit breakdown – a record made in his own words.

On April 23, 24 days before the meeting was to convene, the Vice President volunteered an estimate of the outlook in his address to the American Society of Newspaper Editors. "What chance is there?" he asked rhetorically, and went on to declare: "There are strong reasons to believe that Mr. Khrushchev may actually want to make progress at this conference. . . . I think this because, realist that he is, he is concerned by some hard facts of international life.

"I believe that we can look to this conference . . . with justifiable confidence."

In June Nixon found himself taking another tack. During the interval the U-2 had been downed, and the Paris Summit had been wrecked by Khrushchev. Nixon had consulted experts, he said, and would agree with the "great majority" of them "that the U-2 incident was an excuse and not a reason for what Khrushchev did and that an apology or a regret wouldn't have saved the conference."

By September the Vice President was no longer quoting experts. He was positive in his own right that Senator Kennedy was "wrong in thinking or even suggesting that Mr. Khrushchev might have continued the conference if we had expressed regrets . . . that wasn't the reason he broke up the conference."

"Mr. Khrushchev," said the Vice President, "came to that conference determined to break it up. He was going to break it up because he knew that he wasn't going to get his way on Berlin and on other key matters."

Later that same month, the GOP candidate was saying a proposal to express regrets "shows a very naïve attitude."

"This assumes," he said, "that the reason Mr. Khrushchev broke up the conference is because of the U-2 flight . . . I certainly don't believe it was the case. I think it was a long trend of Mr. Khrushchev's statements prior to that conference that indicated he intended to break it up for other reasons."

Nixon has made no effort to explain why he thought in April that there were "strong reasons" to believe Khrushchev wanted to make progress when all the while the "long trend" of Mr. K's statements showed he intended to wreck the conference.

The Vice President began the 1960 campaign promptly in January, concentrating first on building up the party organization, and on nailing down the details of an all-Nixon platform. He wanted no thorny issues left for the convention, no eleventh-hour compromises. His aim, as he told newsmen frankly in March, was to accept the Administration's program as it was for the 1960 session of Congress, but to expand upon it with a program of his own. His strategy was to conciliate the Right, placate the Left, and ogle the irresolute.

He was disposed to be generous to his critics, having determined that at all hazards he would wage a high-level campaign. In January and February he told party rallies indulgently "it would be very constructive for there to be a very frank discussion of the issues," and admitted we need "constant examination and constructive criticism of our defense posture." But just as a reminder that the claws of earlier campaigns were still there, under the velvet glove, he added warningly, "It is time to quit selling America short." He accepted as a fact both his own unpopularity and the minority status of the Republican Party, and warned cheering contributors at a rally, "Anyone who does not recognize we are in for the fight of our lives must be smoking opium."

The irony of his plan, of course, was that others in the party were motivated by other considerations. President Eisenhower, early in 1960, advised him to strike out boldly, making his own campaign platform, avoiding me-tooism, but Nixon found this a hollow show of generosity. He tried to straddle the dilemma by declaiming again and again, "A record is not something to stand on but something to build on," but as a slogan it never had the ring of battle.

Moreover, at the first whisper of criticism, the Presi-

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dent bristled with indignation. He stood stoutly by Ezra Taft Benson, leaving Nixon to bear the full burden of the break with Benson's Mormon brethren in Utah and Idaho; he curtly refused to let the platform committee adopt Nelson Rockefeller's sweeping criticisms of the defense program; and in the Quemoy-Matsu affair, he summarily hauled the Vice President back under the Eisenhower umbrella when the candidate got off the reservation in an attempt to score a debating point.

The Shock of Johnson

Then on June 8 Rockefeller dropped a blockbuster. "Those now assuming control of the Republican Party," he said, "have failed to make clear where this party is heading and where it proposes to lead the nation."

"Our position in the world is dramatically weaker today than 15 years ago," he added, and he found it "unreasonable" that the Republican Party's leading candidate "firmly insisted on making known his program and his policies, not before, but only after, nomination by his party."

At stake were New York's 45 electoral votes. Nixon rolled with the punch. For Rockefeller not to make known his disagreement, said the Vice President unctuously, "would not be being true to himself, and I think would not serve either the party or the country."

As for the merits of the criticism: "Of all the potential candidates on the American scene today," he said, "I have set forth with greater precision and in more detail my views on the major issues than any of the others."

Nixon felt safe in taking a patronizing tone toward his rival. At that point, believing as he did that Kennedy would be the Democratic nominee and that most of the South would therefore fall into the GOP column as it had in 1928, the Vice President saw no reason to make concessions. What finally shattered his confidence was Kennedy's selection of Lyndon Johnson as his running mate. Automatically that move put most of the South out of Nixon's easy reach. It made New York's electoral vote an indispensable ingredient of Republican victory. It gave Rockefeller a new position of eminence, for no Republican could hope to carry New York without his help.

In that panicky situation, Rockefeller had only to let slip a hint that he had strenuous objections to important parts of the platform which Nixon had so laboriously drafted over the months. Thereupon, the Vice President telephoned the Governor for an appointment, and went hat-in-hand to New York for an eight-hour session which could only be interpreted as a surrender. The paradox was that the Governor, the man who could not win the Presidential nomination by any exertion, had by force of circumstances become sufficiently powerful to establish the terms on which the Republican strongman might have his victory.

Rockefeller settled for a manifesto incorporating his proposals, over which both Eisenhower and the GOP platform committee gagged, but he had the moral victory on his side; he would campaign on his own terms, and he would have Nixon under heavy and specific obligation if the Republicans won.

As for the final step in his strategic realignment, Nixon abandoned domestic issues and chose foreign policy as the keynote of his campaign by offering Henry Cabot Lodge second spot on the ticket. This choice was dictated by two considerations. He could not fight the Kennedy-Johnson record of welfare legislation so long as he was tied to the deflationary fiscal policies of the Eisenhower Administration; and he adhered basically to the lessons of his freshman years in politics, never to fight the opposition on its own ground. He believed, moreover, that Lodge could strengthen his argument that the job of dealing with Communism was essentially one of "standing up to" the Russians.

When he went before the convention, in a paste-up of tested passages from a dozen earlier speeches, he pledged "a campaign such as this country has never seen before," and warned that "while it is dangerous to see nothing wrong in America . . . no criticism should be allowed to obscure the truth, that America is the strongest militarily, economically and ideologically in the world. . . ." – as if his compact with Rockefeller had never existed!

In furtherance of his basic strategy – that of dividing the Democrats – and without even refurbishing his language, he resurrected a gambit he had worn threadbare over the years. Minimizing references to the Republican Party, he proclaimed: "Millions of Democrats will join us not because they are deserting their party but because their party deserted them at Los Angeles two weeks ago." On the stump he remained faithful to that gambit, referring to the two parties by name as seldom as possible and dwelling heavily on circumlocutions like "our team," "our candidacy," "my colleague and me," "the administration," "we," "they," "our opponents," "not as partisans but as Americans."

When he took to the hustings in mid-September, everything was, as James Reston reported in the *New York Times*, "approximately wonderful." Everything was familiar. We never had it so good. "People should not think of the party label; they should think of what

ELECTION WEEK

The New Republic *will appear two days late next week to permit comment on some of the implications of the Presidential election results.*

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is best for America." Jack Kennedy could be dismissed as a naïve but inexperienced do-gooder. "It isn't Jack's money they are spending," he told audiences solemnly, "it's your money."

In his speeches, as in his position papers and in the debates, he grappled furiously with the mechanics of planning, in an effort to put substance into his candidacy. He surrounded himself with platitudes and the machinery of committees and conferences. To solve educational problems he urged "a permanent top-level commission on education to advise, directly, the President and the Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare." To implement federal housing policy, he advocated converting the housing and home finance agency "into a fully integrated agency with operating authority clearly vested in the administrator reporting directly to the President."

To stimulate and coordinate economic growth, he recommended "new machinery in the Executive branch." "We need a National Economic Council," he said, "to advise the President on economic matters at the same level and with the same stature as the National Security Council. . . ."

His farm program was compounded of temporary and permanent controls, payments in kind, and price supports "free from any fixation upon any pet figures, any pet formulas." He produced a magic formula for transmuting grain surpluses into exportable protein, without suggesting who would feed these mountains of grain to fowl and livestock, who would build the plant to accommodate these vast new herds and flocks, and how the government would eventually liquidate the surplus plant and equipment that would have to be created to dissipate the surplus grains.

Similarly in his major foreign policy speech October 14 in Beverly Hills, discussing his formula for winning the struggle for "peace and freedom," he offered vista upon vista of conferences, all so hackneyed and unpromising that columnist Walter Lippmann was finally moved to exclaim in disgust: "Mr. Nixon is an indecisive man who lacks that inner conviction and self-confidence which are the mark of the natural leader and governor of men."

In his preoccupation with Parkinson's law and the systematic proliferation of bureaucracy – an interest seemingly out of character for a true believer in decentralization of government – Nixon found it hard keeping the paramount issue of the campaign in focus. In February he assured a party rally, "the one that overrides and cuts across all others is the issue of peace." Somewhat carried away with the thought, he took a global view and decided that the issue "literally, is freedom for all mankind – and the survival of civilization." That same week he found occasion to take a more narrowly patriotic view by asserting, "The overwhelming issue is the security and survival of the United States of America." By springtime he found it convenient to hedge his prediction, and told Raymond Moley the dominant campaign issue would be "the problem of the greatest economic growth."

Tactically he found economic growth the hottest potato. He had taken the precaution in 1958 to allude hypothetically to a growth rate of five percent as a means of producing an additional $10 billion in tax revenues by 1962, but at no time did he commit himself to that or any other fixed rate. As an escape hatch, he adopted the term "maximum growth," as in his Detroit speech February 15 when he defined his straddle of the issue in these words: "If we are to have maximum economic growth, the most important role must be played, not by government, but by private enterprise."

As a defensive backfire, on June 21, he referred caustically to "growthmanship" as the "most fashionable political parlor game of our time." In the Rockefeller manifesto July 23, he permitted an allusion to the 1958 hypothesis, but in his official acceptance speech five days later he was careful to limit himself to the statement: "We must take the necessary steps which will assure that the American economy grows at a maximum rate. . . ."

He suffered from chronic discomfiture in trying to handle the economic issue because, wherever he might start, he found himself treading the familiar path from the budget and the honest dollar to defense and farm subsidies and foreign aid right straight to education and housing and depressed areas and all the other welfare programs to which the Democratic majority was wedded. The problem was always the same – how to defend a deflationary fiscal policy and extend sympathy without promises. Over and over he found himself saying, as he did to the ASNE: "I believe in economic conservatism. In these seven years when we have had economic conservatism in operation, the American people have had more progress than they have had in any seven years in the history of this country."

Moratorium on Criticism?

Nixon has felt most secure – and taken refuge at every opportunity – in issues involving foreign policy. There he has had two infallible props; he could be against the Kremlin and for patriotism without fear of offending the smallest contributor or voter. His first chance worth exploiting came in mid-September with Khrushchev's arrival at the UN General Assembly. Seizing upon the fact that Kennedy was getting profitable mileage out of charging the Administration with passivity in the face of Soviet aggressiveness, Nixon called for a moratorium on all criticism while the Soviet premier remained within earshot.

"We have a responsibility," he said, "in avoiding resort to statements which tend to divide America, and

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which tend to disparage America and which in any way would encourage Chairman Khrushchev and his fellow dictators to believe that this nation, the leader of the free world, is weak of will, is indecisive, is unsure of and hesitant to use the vast power; is poorly defended, is held at bay by imperialist Communism, is divided in opinion on world affairs, believing that the majority of mankind holds her in disdain."

That stratagem kicked up a storm of sorts when Kennedy peremptorily refused to let himself be gagged, but Nixon lost the round when the *New York Times* said firmly, "It is clear that Senator Kennedy has the better of this dispute," and the *Washington Post* chorused that the Democrats "are altogether right in refusing to be inhibited by Vice President Nixon's suggestion of a moratorium on criticism. . . ."

But time may show that the climactic moment in Nixon's public life came when he faced John F. Kennedy in the first of their four debates, faceless, ill-at-ease, perspiring, wanting desperately to match swords like a gentleman but suddenly aware that he had been projected into a dimension where words were no substitute for policy. Those debates ruined Nixon, just as a series of five debates with Jerry Voorhis fourteen years earlier had made him.

Whatever else he did after that first debate was anticlimactic. His speeches have grown less rather than more coherent with repetition, and as uninspired as they are uninspiring. At best he has been lucid, at worst didactic and pedestrian. He has been eager to "take a good hard look at the facts," to "lay it on the line." He has never been at a loss to "serve notice here and now." He has embraced "stark realities." He has warned and warned again that "this is no time for complacency" but assured us that "there is a way." In his lexicon, controls tend invariably to be "arbitrary"; dollars if they are Republican are "honest"; dangers are "deadly" or "mortal," campaigns are "vital," forces are "powerful," campaign weeks are "gruelling," and records are, of course, "magnificent" so long as they are not the opposition's.

He has shown again a taste for the transparent device, the meretricious argument, the theatrical overstatement; an aptitude for pat slogans, easy solutions, sly aspersions. His instinct all along has been to lash out against all who differ with him; and he has restrained himself, articulately, because a reversion to earlier tactics would, he knows, revive the malodorous image of the politician who climbed to power over the bodies of contemporaries in both parties.

On the eve of the election, in the hot crucible of decision, Nixon's stature has been shrinking. He stands revealed as a man without a spiritual home, ready to twist any circumstance to his advantage, devoid of a genuine moral commitment to either liberalism or conservatism but trying to feel at home wherever the tides of circumstance happen to lodge him.

"Conservatism at its best must be progressive," he has told the voters again and again. "This is middle-of-the-road; it is generalities, but that is where I stand."

Growth! Growth! Growth!

by Oscar Gass

They are poor counselors who shout indiscriminately to industrial management, "Grow! Grow! Invest! Invest!" And they are not better counselors who add, "The Russians will get you if you don't watch out." I suggest that American industrial management has already invested too much in basic manufacturing capacity, in relation to current levels of demand. There is no market for the output from this capacity. We now have at least 35 percent excess capacity in many basic industries: steel, crude petroleum, automotives, machinery, basic chemicals, and others. At best, we do not have the labor force to utilize all of this capacity simultaneously. Least therefore can be contributed to economic growth in the American economy, in the next few years, by enlarging the conventional so-called "incentives to investment" – much touted by the Rockefeller Brothers and others.

These "incentives to investment" – higher depreciation allowances, lower taxes on corporate profits and similar measures – act to increase the internal *supply* of savings in business firms. And that is what we now need least. Depreciation allowances alone supply about $23 billion annually to our corporate enterprise. Misdirected by this lavish internal supply of corporate funds, corporate managers already have spent too

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Oscar Gass, *a consulting economist in Washington, D. C., continues the discussion of our economic growth which has included earlier contributions by Edwin L. Dale, Jr. (June 6), James Tobin (July 25), Paul H. Douglas (September 26) and Leon H. Keyserling (October 10).*

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much on basic industrial capacity. Expenditures on new plant and equipment by private US business will have been about $175 billion in the five years 1956-60 and about $70 billion in manufacturing alone. It will take several years, at best, even with full employment, to work off our present excess capacity in many fields of manufacturing and mining.

To supply our manufacturing and mining industries, in the next five years, with a still higher share of the total national product than was made available to them in 1956-60 seems, therefore, a most dubious contribution to national economic growth – or to any other worthwhile purpose. Yet, if the Washington grapevine is to be believed, such is the dominant thinking not only of the men around Nixon but also of the men around Kennedy.

In the past seven years, the American economy has grown very slowly in output though greatly in plant capacity. From midyear 1953 to midyear 1960, our population rose by 12.9 percent (the growth in labor force was 12.1 percent). In the same seven years, our real Gross National Product rose by 19.1 percent. The 1953-60 growth in national output is therefore less than 0.8 percent annually, per capita of our population.

The Goddess of Confusion

But it is silly to include population growth in measures of economic growth in the United States today. We are not in the position of India. Everybody knows we can produce the same per capita income for more people. The American economy, as a whole, is confronted with stable or declining costs for additional increments of output. When we join a population increase of 1.8 percent annually with a real production increase of about 1 percent per capita, we satisfy our preference for big numbers. But we also do the work of the goddess of confusion.

Science is abused when the statistics of output are used to demonstrate a supposed clear superiority of Truman economic policies over Eisenhower policies. The seven years 1953-60 *can* be compared with the previous seven. If we measure seven years from 1946, we get an increase in gross national product of 30.6 percent and again a population increase of 12.9 percent. The growth per capita, per annum, is then over twice as high under Truman as under Eisenhower. Yet it does not suffice to demonstrate any clear superiority of underlying policies. The economic growth of the Truman Administration was concentrated in the years of ample demand that began with Korean rearmament in 1950. From 1946 to 1949, Gross National Product rose only $10 billion (in constant 1954 prices); in 1950 alone it rose $25 billion. In the next three years, annual federal expenditure rose $37 billion; Gross National Product advanced $51 billion. This demand factor, deriving initially from rearmament, explains most of the superior Truman period economic performance. It cannot fairly be attributed principally to any other fact or policy. (I would however agree that the *monetary* policy of the Truman era was superior to the policy that followed.)

In the past 90 years, the growth in American national output, per capita, has averaged about 1.7 percent per annum, compounded. The seven Truman years, 1946-53, were therefore about average in output growth, while the seven Eisenhower years, 1953-60, have achieved about half the long period average. There is no abrupt discontinuity in these 14 years since World War II demobilization. Taking them together, and in the light of our national economic history, a fair designation of the whole 14 years might be "undistinguished," "modest," or "mediocre" – according to taste.

It would be a great deal for a country like the United States, in the vanguard of the industrial arts, to raise its annual increase in per capita output, for a long period, from 1.7 percent to 3 percent. The performance of countries that are relatively backward industrially is no guide: they can copy a technology that took decades to invent. Moreover, to speak meaningfully, we must speak of a per capita growth rate of 3 percent annually, sustained *from an initial position of full employment.* Gains of the kind that we got in World War II from eliminating unemployment can be counted only once.

After the achievement of full employment, further annual gains in per capita output can come only slowly – from the improvement of technology, from the increased skills of our people, and from the accumulation of capital productively utilized. Many things we want most will add to output only very slowly indeed – and uncertainly. We must count in decades if we wish to evaluate economic benefits from more expenditure on education or medical care, and true research gives an assured, practical yield only for those who have never engaged in it. Fortunately, education and medical care and research are good things in themselves. If they turn out to contribute little to economic growth, in any measurable sense, we shall have no reason to be disappointed. This measuring rod is, in any case, useless for subtle products.

To help achieve full employment is the greater part of the contribution that public policy can make to immediate economic growth in an economy situated as ours is at the opening of the 1960's. The 5.9 percent of our labor force who were recorded officially as totally unemployed in August, 1960, would be taken as proof of intolerably poor economic performance in most advanced countries. During the first eight months of 1960, unemployment averaged 5.3 percent. This is gravely unsatisfactory as a present condition – not merely as a foretaste of some future recession. We seem in fact to be in a long period of sustained, creeping

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increase in unemployment. In the expansion of 1951-53, unemployment stabilized around 2 million. In the 1955-57 upswing, it remained around 3 million. In the 1959-60 expansion, it hovers around 4 million. We have become insensitive to what is now, in the United States, commonplace.

Achievement of full employment would give a far greater increment to national output, during the next decade, than any reasonably conceivable difference in the economic growth rate due to other factors.

The American labor force would prefer to work perhaps 8 percent to 10 percent more man-hours now if work were available. Half of the increase would care for additional hours of work by people now employed part-time or short-time. (In August, 1960, some 2,851,000 persons were officially reported to be working part-time because they could not find full-time work.) The other half would go to people now totally unemployed. And, when we had re-employed an additional 4 percent or 5 percent of the recorded labor force, we would find that we still had a "normal" unemployment of 2 percent to 3 percent: the reportable labor force shrinks when jobs are scarce and expands when they are abundant.

Adding 8 percent to 10 percent in man-hours might well add 12 percent to 15 percent in output. The additional man-hours would not go to overhead. Characteristically, during expanded employment, such man-hours appear initially in industrial and construction occupations of high yield. But even 10 percent more gross output would be an annual increment of $50 billion. In relation to the position at midyear 1960, this $50 billion might be taken as a crude indication of the potential "full employment effect."

On Giving Up Baubles

In contrast, beginning with a position of full employment, it is difficult to imagine a combination of factors which would yield a per capita annual growth increment of 1.5 percent in addition to our historically experienced average of 1.7 percent. But the difficulty of imagining it is as nothing compared to the difficulty of bringing it about, in any planned way and in any short number of years. Neither education, nor research, nor investment can be simply forced to yield returns computed in advance in an economy in the forefront of industrial techniques, confronted with genuine novelty in development, and subject to some vagaries of demand – exposed therefore to some elements of uncertainty. But even assuming that such a further 1.5 percent growth increment *were* achieved, it would amount to something considerable only in the long run. It would be many years before this "other growth effect" amounted to as much as the immediate, simple "full employment effect."

To call upon the American people now to make "sacrifices" for economic growth is not the path of virtue but of a perverse masochism. Until we have utilized our idle labor force, there is no sense in talking about collectively giving up baubles so that we can have more education or foreign aid or arms or anything else. We are called upon immediately to sacrifice only our prejudices and our indolence. These are indeed something.

It is correspondingly pointless for a Presidential candidate to pose as a stern leader ready to impose taxes so that we may "arm to parley." Let us forbear the poser's yearning for an attitude of "toil and tears, sweat and blood."

Were not the intellectual inheritance of Keynesian liberalism spent in the United States, the last session of Congress would not have passed without a serious effort to enact cyclically adjusted tax *reduction*. What kind of responsible economics is it that sits quietly while a budget is approved aiming at a $4 billion fiscal surplus in a period of over 5 percent unemployment?

Less even than higher taxes do we need the discipline of tighter monetary controls. But, in this case, the opponent of "restraint" is today flogging a weakening horse. Even the Federal Reserve Board has belatedly seen some of the error of its ways. Having attempted conscientiously, for 15 months, to stifle a non-existent boom, the Federal Reserve has now recognized that it was fighting a paper tiger. What it has *not* recognized is that the paper consisted largely of the policy statements and actions of the Reserve Board, the Treasury, and their cooperative circle of financial institutions.

We are again confronted, in the United States, but in a larger measure than at most times during the past 15 years, with our chronic problem of idle resources. Logically, we have the basic alternative of sharing more evenly the present quantity of labor. But our people prefer commodities to leisure. We can employ some of our idle capacity to produce more private consumables; for this, we need to increase unemployment compensation and, for the present, to lower taxes on consumers goods and on personal incomes. We can also build more private housing; for that, we need much cheaper mortgage money and a more active public urban redevelopment program. We can provide more public services, in education and health, and more public expenditure to finance these things – for both collective and individual purchase. We can spend more on foreign aid, or on domestic public works, or on armament. Or we can choose some combination of these things. And starting from where we stand now, we can do substantially more of several of these things without sacrificing *anything* we now have.

It is for us to choose and to do. The more clear-sightedly we choose, and the more effectively we do, the less we shall feel the impulse to continue the present arid discussion of future US economic growth.

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"Where Are We Trying To Get?"

by Ronald Steel

In this autumn of our discontent, when self-deprecation has become a national pastime and self-criticism a national goal, those curious bedfellows, *Life* magazine and *The New York Times*, have joined forces in a crusade to beat back the powers of darkness and to discover a reason for our collective mortal coils. Or, in Henry Luce's words from his Forward to this collection of essays, "What are we trying to do overall? Where are we trying to get? What

The National Purpose
(Holt, Rinehart and Winston;
$2.95 (cloth); $1.50 (paper)

is the National Purpose of the USA?" If these essays seem to have little in common, which is the case, they are nonetheless bound together by a thin string of collective bad conscience. Although one might have thought, after last year's rash of *mea culpas*, that we had pretty well plumbed the depths of our purposelessness and exorcised the evil spirit of affluence, it seems that it was only a dress rehearsal for what was to come. Recently Senator Fulbright told the American Bar Association that "if one probes more deeply beneath the surface of American life, he comes inescapably to the conclusion that the American people, by and large, are not happy. . . .If the developing science of psychiatry could make a study of national egos . . . I believe such a study would conclude that America's trouble is one of aimlessness at home and frustration abroad."

This epidemic of self-criticism has brought forth the predictable chemical reaction of outrage from the protectors of our national virtue who view criticism as Creeping Treason. The columnist David Lawrence has felt compelled to challenge Senator Fulbright's remark that 50 million prescriptions for tranquillizers were written last year and that the waiting lists at psychiatrists' offices are getting longer. "It could be," the columnist replied in a touching bit of folksiness, "that in our 'Affluent Society' nowadays, people can afford the restfulness of a psychoanalyst's bench, but people in the Gay 90's would drown their temporary sorrows with a nickel beer at the corner bar."

The truth, as is so often fallaciously supposed, may lie somewhere in between the bar and the couch, but for some time we are going to be subjected to endless discussions about what is right and what is wrong with ourselves. A masochistic narcissism has led us into a kind of fascination with our image that used to be called the sin of pride when it was practiced by medieval monks. We have protested our shortcomings so loudly and advertised them so extravagantly that we have attracted a crowd of neighbors who stare in fascinated disbelief. There have been no shortage of remarks about the strange goings-on in the American household. The London *Daily Telegraph's* correspondent, Peregrine Worsthorne, wrote not long ago:

> "Occasionally, remembering my role as a foreign observer, I would try to concentrate on such abstractions as America's 'national purpose,' the supposed lack of which is currently causing so much anxiety. I cannot pretend that I actually asked any Americans about this, because to my mind the phrase is odiously reminiscent of those societies – Communist, Fascist and Caesarist – which dress up a diet of propaganda dust and ashes with a high-sounding sauce called 'the National Purpose'."

The staid *Economist* could not resist a historical aside:

> "When John Hay was ambassador in London at the end of the last century, he told an Independence Day audience that 'the national American flower ought to be the violet – the emblem of modesty and self-effacement.' There have been times since then when foreign observers – even Americans themselves – would have chosen a more flamboyant emblem of the United States. But there has never been, either before or since John Hay, a period of self-questioning, even self-flagellation, to match the last few years."

Even President Eisenhower has been dragged into the act. Asked at his September 7 press conference whether we are losing sight of the national purpose, the President replied:

> "I am not concerned about America losing its sense of purpose. We may not be articulate about it, and we may not give daily the kind of thought to it that we should; but I believe America wants to live first in freedom, and the kind of liberty that is guaranteed to us through our founding documents; and secondly, they want to live at peace with all their neighbors, so that we may jointly find a better life for humanity as we go forward. This, to me, is the simple purpose of the United States."

When these essays appeared last spring, the slick layouts of *Life* and the ordered columns of the *Times* served to pull them together and to give them a consistency to the skimming eye. But now, posed between covers, they are like small boys in starched collars, ill-at-

"Darling, you only,
there is no duplicate,
More lovely than
all other womanhood,
Luminous, perfect,
A star coming over the skyline
at new year, a good year . . ."

—from a new poem by Ezra Pound, made from a literal rendering into Italian of an ancient Egyptian text of the XXth dynasty (1200–1169 B.C.); published in this issue for the first time.

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ease and out of their element. Because each is quite different and because there is no central focus, each essay must stand alone. A book, by a mysterious magic of its own, makes greater demands on the author and raises higher expectations in the reader than an article in a mass-circulation publication. A few of the essays, notably those of Archibald MacLeish and Walter Lippmann, stand out by their literacy and perceptiveness. The others, adrift in a sea of good intentions, neither hit home with their criticism nor inspire with any kind of vision of the land ahead.

Although they seem to agree on little else, and that includes Senator Kennedy and the Vice President, the purpose-hunters never question the initial premise – that there is some overriding purpose, hovering somewhere Up There, that we must latch on to quickly before we all succumb to what Archibald MacLeish calls the "sluggish, sun-oiled sleep beneath a beach umbrella, dreaming of More and More." Purpose, let no one doubt it for a moment, is hiding like thriftiness and love for Mother, under the skins of us all. "The United States," says Clinton Rossiter, "is rightly numbered among those nations for which a benevolent sense of national purpose . . . has been a historical necessity." Comparing us to the children of Israel, Rossiter evangelically affirms that "America will not flourish . . . unless it can develop a profound, inspiring, benevolent sense of mission."

Just what this mission is, however, is a matter of some disagreement. Whatever it is, it appears to be embodied in the Declaration of Independence and ensconced deep in the thoughts of the Founding Fathers. The Fathers get quite a big play and are called upon at one point or another in most of the essays. Whatever their virtues or defects, they certainly had plenty of purpose. "If there is such a thing as the Natural Law in which our Founding Fathers trusted," writes John K. Jessup, "then it is surely the highest of man's political purposes to contrive his human institutions in conformity with this order."

But once the Founding Fathers are got out of the way (and to their credit none of the essayists has devoted his article *entirely* to the Fathers), each essayist goes his way. John W. Gardner advises us to "pursue excellence!" Adlai Stevenson, chastising us for having "taken refuge in the joys of privacy," urges us to "return to the reality principle, to the bracing, invigorating, upland climate of truth itself."

Others are less bracing and prefer to hedge a bit before committing themselves. In good Foundation-ese Albert Wohlstetter observes cautiously: "While we may talk about national purpose in the singular, the first thing to observe about our aims is that we have many of them. They are connected; some depend on others; many conflict . . . But even ends which the nation as a whole can be said to share oppose other accepted national ends." Billy Graham goes all out for moral fiber, warning that "unless we heed the warning, unless we bring Americans back to an awareness of God's moral laws, unless a moral fiber is put back into the structure of our nation, we are headed for national disaster."

The Communists are held up as an example of those who stay strong by keeping a beady eye on their national purpose. "They [the Communists] are all working on the main target and we are not," observes James Reston. "The Communists have never deviated from *their* purpose . . ." adds David Sarnoff, who urges the government to set up a "Freedom Academy" to train cold war specialists. "Our message to humankind," he writes, "must be that America has decided, irrevocably, to win the cold war." Walter Lippmann, eschewing platitudes, urges the nation to get some new leaders to face the new demands of the society, and wisely conceives national purpose not as a catalog of principles but as political goals reachable by rational means.

The great debate will no doubt pick up steam and continue on its way, filling newspaper columns and selling books. We can expect a rash of new titles and possibly an audience participation television show called *What's My Purpose.* For the time being, however, this slim volume is a good introductory course, containing worthy sentiments by worthy men. Somewhere, amidst the flashy phrases and the solemn finger-shaking, is a lesson for one end. It's self-service; just get a shot of uplift that will tingle your complacency and brace your soul. *The National Purpose* is a fine exercise in arm chair involvement.

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Aldous Huxley's Precarious Humanism

by Frank J. Warnke

It was a good idea to present in one volume Huxley's scattered essays on art and artists. Selected from some nine separate volumes ranging from *On the Margin* in 1923 to *Tomorrow and Tomorrow and Tomorrow* in 1956, the collection gives us a third of a century of reflection and judgment by one of the most serious and wide-ranging intelligence of our time.

Huxley's is a beleaguered humanism – assailed by vulgarity and mechanization, and by those tendencies in modern art which constitute a withdrawal not only from vulgarity but from humanity. The artists of whom Huxley most thoroughly approves – Chaucer, Piero della Francesca, Breughel, Bach – have breadth, moderation and solidity, which he seems to regard as among the most important qualities which man can possess. Unashamed of the physical and the undignified, unafraid of dealing with the obvious passions, such artists are capable of rendering representations of observed or felt reality which are at the same time assertions of the curious dignity of which we are capable. They all partake of "the divine equanimity, which reconciles all opposites and so transfigures the world."

On Art and Artists
by Aldous Huxley
edited by Morris Philipson
(Harper; $3.95)

Huxley is completely on their side, and among the most admirable things in this volume are the author's sallies against every form of absolutism, fanaticism, or cruelty. For him, the great villains of the spirit, from St. Dominic to Hegel, are defined by the inhuman neatness of their systems: He expresses his position most succinctly in a characteristic digression in his essay on Piranesi:

> "The good life can be lived only in a society where tidiness is preached and practiced, but not too fanatically, and where efficiency is always haloed, as it were, by a tolerated aura of mess."

The "tolerated aura of mess" in Huxley gives him a place in humanistic tradition which might be described as "genial sloppiness." Invariably disunified, frequently repetitious, often governed by nothing beyond a kind of learned free-association, the essays may sometimes irritate a reader with a taste for detailed analysis. They maintain a tone of cultivated but casual conversation.

Inevitably, Huxley takes a stance against certain modes of art. Abstraction in painting is, at best, "perfection within rather narrow limits." "Nature is a richer source of forms than any textbook of plane or solid geometry," he writes, and "a work of art which imposes aesthetic unity upon a large number of formal and psychological elements is more interesting than one in which unity is imposed upon only a few elements." In the same sense, he objects to literature which is "arbitrarily simplified by the exclusion of all the great eternal obviousnesses of human nature." Huxley's predisposition, then, is against some of the most characteristic tendencies of contemporary art. For the most part he finds his values embodied and his tastes confirmed in great figures of the past – especially those who assert what strikes him as a whole and healthy view of experience.

And yet so much is left unsaid if we restrict our whole-souled admiration to the great sane men of art and their positive virtues – to Chaucer's serenity, to Alberti's solidity, to Sir Christopher Wren's formulation of the gentlemanly ideal. Huxley seems to feel this himself. How he returns to the others, the great oddballs of art – Dostoievsky and Baudelaire, Swift and El Greco and Gesualdo! How they tease him with their diseased and persistent search for an absolute which he knows they will never find! Huxley recognizes the psychopathic elements in Baudelaire's Satanism and Swift's cloacal obsession, but he rejects perhaps too categorically the possible human values in their quest for a more than human purity. "To pursue the absolute is as demonstrably a waste of time as to speculate on the topography of the invisible portions of the moon." But Huxley himself, like a secret drinker, can't leave the stuff alone. His own wistful yearnings for an experience of the infinite crop up in his interest in Eastern religions, in his supercharged reactions to late Beethoven, in his eloquent and rather troubling praise of the drug mescalin.

The incompleteness of Huxley's humanism is most evident in his 1931 essay on "Tragedy and the Whole Truth," the thesis of which is that tragic art constitutes a less complete vision of reality than does the kind of art we find in Homer or Fielding, the kind which recognizes human limitations and admits that "when the belly is full . . . men can afford to grieve, and that sorrow after supper is almost a luxury." Huxley does not deny the value of tragic art; he regards it as "partial truth" which the human spirit needs. But is tragic truth – the truth of *King Lear*, let us say – in fact any less whole than the epic truth of Homer and Fielding? Is not each kind of truth the whole truth about human experience, viewed from different angles? One almost has the feeling that Huxley, formed and given being by one of the most desperately tragic ages in history, is afraid to admit the possibility of complete tragic truth, afraid to leave the door ajar lest chaos should come again.

Despite this suggestion of a spiritual insecurity in Huxley's confrontation of the more troublesome monuments of art, despite, too, the occasional inaccuracies or vagaries of taste which turn up (his puzzling assertion that Ben Jonson founded no school, his now-dated disparagement of Wagner, most of all his denial of "artistic maturity" to the late works of Mozart), this volume makes us steadily aware of a fine sensibility allied with a sharp mind. Huxley understands that schools and movements, as well as individual works, assume their characteristic form not because of any sociological or economic determinism but because of the inner logic of art itself, the most specifically human of human actions. Throughout his distinguished career, these essays remind us, he has known how both to criticize justly and to praise nobly.

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Ronald Steel *is a free lance writer in the field of political economy.* Frank J. Warnke *is a member of the English faculty at Yale.*

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ART

In the Light of Georgia O'Keeffe

One morning last week I was up early and looked to the east. As things turned out it was to be a dull day, overcast and raining from time to time. But at that moment, just before the beginning of the day, there was a lovely sight. The pasture I looked out on was totally dark; it is bounded on the east by a long woodlot that covers a rise in the ground and at this time of year, by either daylight or moonlight, the woods reveal depth after depth of rocks and trees and leaves fallen or still hanging on. At that hour, though, there was no such depth,

Georgia O'Keeffe:
Forty Years of Her Art
The Worcester Art Museum

the woods were a black mass, flat, an extension of the dark earth up to the edge of the sky. Overhead, the light had come but it hadn't come very much. The sky was solidly covered with clouds in a deep gray only a shade removed from black. But all along the tops of the trees, between the black earth and the dark sky, was a light gray band of almost piercing light. The band, perhaps ten degrees wide, was as fully cloud covered as the zenith and the west; there wasn't a scratch of blue or a glint of gold anywhere, but the gray had become that of pearls and the intensity seemed that of the sun at noon.

"O'Keeffe," I said and I think I was right, even though that woodlot and pasture, that dark sky and bright horizon were here in New England, probably 2,500 miles northeast of the New Mexico which gives Georgia O'Keeffe her subject matter and with which her art is presumed to be bound up.

I've never been closer than Texas to O'Keeffe's New Mexico, but I've seen with her eyes in the Midwest, in the Southeast, in various parts of Europe and Africa, on all of the Great Lakes, on one ocean and on several seas. I'm more at home in the world, I know my way around a little better, than I would have done without her.

Is a painting, then, a map, the lifework of an artist a mere Baedeker for tourists who would be better advised by AAA? No. But there is an order in the universe and – except for the best publicized American painting of the 1950's – there is also an order in art. We know from experience that the order in art can help us see the order of the universe; we also know from experience that this is no mean function. Nor, of course, is it the only function of art.

With an artist as strong as O'Keeffe, the revelation of order in her art illumines not only the world at large but also the art of other artists. For me at least, this aspect of her work counts less, much less, in relation to artists whose work you ordinarily think of as associated with hers – Sheeler, say, Demuth, Niles Spencer and Ralston Crawford – than in relation to somewhat more specialized work.

For example, in the big exhibition of O'Keeffe's painting at the Worcester Museum in Massachusetts, there are several paintings of the pelvis series, a theme of bleached bones in the desert that has occupied the artist for years. From 1945, *Red with Yellow* is an extreme close-up of the subject with the sky seen through an aperture of the bone girdle, the colors of the title providing the high contrast between the bone and beyond. But it's not just a contrast. The pelvic aperture through which the colored space is seen is roughly egg-shaped; all around that oval the light and color modulate in and out of intensity from dark to light; each side of the line is closely related to the other at every point; each inch of red takes its intensity from the corresponding inch of yellow and the whole thing constitutes an unbelievably subtle and graduated run of color and light around an edge between a dead bone and infinity.

This typically O'Keeffe treatment of two colors is part of the whole achievement of the painting; other parts are the overall composition and the relation of the whole to the objects from life – the pelvis and the sky – that formed the point of departure. A younger American painter, Mark Rothko, ab-

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stracts from O'Keeffe's abstraction and paints only the color relationship. Usually he uses no composition at all, a stock arrangement of two colored rectangular areas, fuzzily defined, one floating above the other. There is no relationship at all to the outside world and the size of his works is usually of that giganticism which makes lovers of the big speak of his paintings having created a world of their own. O'Keeffe clearly manages to see and say a lot more in much less space than Rothko, but it is thanks to O'Keeffe that any appreciation at all of Rothko is possible – except, of course, for those whose appreciative apparatus consists wholly of "interested sympathy" for "philosophical revolution," as *Art News* has recently summed up all you know or need to know, or are likely to learn, about the magazine's own Abstract Expressionism in paint and prose.

Another contemporary American whose work is an abstraction from O'Keeffe's abstraction is Josef Albers, whose squares within squares within squares have bemused the painter and his public for years. Albers' concern, I gather, is for the vibrations obtainable from different color contrasts and on the back of each variation he conscientiously writes the formula so that it can be accurately made again. I don't think O'Keeffe could do that if she tried, even in the simplest of her compositions, such as the *Patio* pictures. In each there is an occult balance struck between planes, colors, shapes, intensities, all the elements. But *In the Patio,* at Worcester, opens a rectangle doorway through an adobe wall to look upon a distant wall, an interlocking shadow on that wall and the light and shade that split the inner edge of the opening.The picture has all the concentrated contrast of plane and color that Albers has, but it has everything else as well.

To O'Keeffe, Rothko and Albers stand somewhat as the Italian Mannerists are said to stand to Michelangelo. In each case one aspect of a complex art is isolated, exaggerated and developed alone.

FRANK GETLEIN

MUSIC

Water Under the Bridge

The Inspector General
an opera by Werner Egk
based on Gogol's play
(New York City Center)

In the April, 1933, issue of *Die Neue Zeitschrift für Musik,* an unsigned review was printed of a monograph called "Adolf Hitler and Music," which made the following prophecies:

"Soon again German opera houses will give bread to German opera singers, and become homes for the cultivation of German music . . . German homes – freed from the alien pest – will resound again with works bequeathed to the German people by German masters . . . The German radio system will recognize its primary duty to cultivate German tonal art. The German phonograph industry will finally be compelled to realize that only German music, performed by German artists, belongs in German homes."

By 1935, most of these predictions were being realized. With the sole exception of Richard Strauss, every living composer of any international reputation had either fled the country or been banned. The field was wide open for a whole generation of accommodating young Aryans who, as they flourished under the Third Reich, acquired an international reputation as unscrupulous opportunists. One of the most prominent of these composers is Herr Dr. Werner Egk, a paragon of adaptability who has continued to be popular in West Germany and Berlin since the war. In the thirties, Egk had an enormous facility for writing fetching music in a debased Straussian style. He was at war with German modernism anyway, and it was to his incalculable advantage to have the government on his side. Excerpts from his first big success, *Die*

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Does the public have the power to decide its own fate? "We witness a sort of abdication of political power before technology, of the civilian agency before the military . . . [passivity] tends to give **carte blanche** to certain civilian and military personnel."

Can mankind continue to live with the balance of terror? "When a dangerous situation continues to exist for some time without precipitating accidents, the belief is engendered that the danger has disappeared . . . **just because the balance of terror has continued to exist for a few years without causing an accident, people now tend to believe in the stability of the situation and adapt themselves to it."**

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Zaubergeige, are available on a Decca record (DL-9825), and they offer a hint of what might have happened to Western music had the Nazis won.

Plowing through a lot of German music magazines from the Nazi period, I was able to find no dishonorable statement by Egk. But that he was able to make the best of the situation is evident from the important posts he held – as Kappelmeister of the Berlin State Opera from 1934 until 1940, and as head of composition for the Reichsmusikammer from 1941 until 1945.

This is all supposed to be water under the bridge, but it has a bearing on the New York premiere a few days ago of Egk's opera *The Inspector General* – an event which was treated coolly by the daily papers and ignored altogether by at least a couple of dozen of the prominent composers and musicologists who normally attend such events. It would be wrong to say that the opera was boycotted. A boycott is organized; and in this instance a good many people with long memories simply wouldn't cross the street to hear a work by a man who played ball with the Nazis.

It is a duty to report, however, that Egk's *Inspector* is the best of the many new operas to hit New York during the past four seasons. It is not a masterpiece; it is musically insubstantial. But it is the product of a man whose phenomenal flair for the musical stage has grown during twenty-odd years of practical experience.

In his snappy, hardboiled adaptation, Egk has been reasonably faithful to Gogol's text, which is about a pack of corrupt Russian officials who mistake a passing traveler for a disguised Tsarist Inspector and go on to load him with bribes. After the stranger escapes with his loot, the real Inspector arrives, and when we last see the officials, they are bowing low to welcome him.

Egk uses Gogol's play as the basis of an *opera buffa* with structural similarities to the lighter works of Mozart and Rossini. The wit, however, is extremely brutal, marked by a Katzenjammer-Kids coarseness that is new to me in opera. There are pratfalls and kicks in the behind to the accompaniment of appropriate dialogue, and a sextet in which the featured work is "crap." There is also a touch of bedroom humor, but the bathroom humor predominates.

The style of the music would not have been acceptable to the authorities of the Third Reich. It is not merely modern: it has a strong French accent. Egk has kept all of his Straussian virtuosity, but he has put it to the service of old-fashioned French neoclassicism, with its "wrong note" dissonances and "wrong accent" rhythms. The score has the pleasantly astringent aroma of early Stravinsky and Milhaud. Egk has not gone nearly as far as Karlheinz Stockhausen and the other West-German youngsters who today are writing the wildest music in the world, but he is making a strenuous effort to accommodate himself to a plainly identifiable modern international style. This has cost him quite a lot. He has had to suppress the deliciously vulgar melodic invention that gives so much character to his early work. And he has sabotaged some of his best ideas by presenting them in an inappropriate setting. But *The Inspector* is supremely competent in every technical way, and occasionally – in its orchestration and its response to formal challenges – inspired.

More than that, it is a good show – fun the first time and worth hearing twice. In the City Center production, William Ball (who did the staging) had the fine idea of ramming the five short acts together with only one intermission, so that the whole piece takes only two hours. There are no stars, and it would be improper to judge this theatrical stunt as a vocal competition between rival singers. Nobody is miscast, and everybody sings beautifully.

The City Center continues to be the home, perhaps the source, of pure English diction which, in *The Inspector*, approaches perfection. The problem now is to build a repertory that displays the company's unique asset. But through the years, with the exception of a wretched *Wozzeck* (*NR*, April 21, 1952) the City Center has deliberately chosen to ignore the mainstream of modern operatic writing. The Egk work is in that mainstream, and on its own merits it deserves to be kept in the repertory.

ROBERT EVETT

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Correspondence

A Protestant for President?

Sirs:

After Reinhold Niebuhr's generous defense of the Catholic in politics, Mr. Getlein's petulant outburst against Protestantism (*NR*, October 24) looks pretty cheap. In any case, let us get some facts straight:

1. The National Council of Churches, which is the representative body for Protestantism in this country, may follow Reinhold Niebuhr or Harold Bosley It does not follow Peale. Much of Peale's popular following is outside any church.

2. Mr. Getlein's scurrilous summary of the political meaning of Protestant history misses everything of importance. Lutheranism has been worse than sterile in its impact on democratic institutions. But the Anglican and Calvinist traditions, in spite of their beginnings, have been infinitely creative in principles, procedures, policies, and persons for democratic societies. Any literate historian knows this.

3. It is true that Puritan Protestantism was often restrictive of the carnal liberties which Mr. Getlein laments – the right to gamble, the right to drink, the right to buy and sell on Sunday. But it was richly productive of the civil and political liberties. There are religious cultures where exactly the reverse obtains with reference to carnal and to civil liberties.

4. As for the anti-birth control legislation put in the books by the Protestants: today Protestants admit the error, repudiate their past action, and call for reform. Will the other church be as frank about its past errors?

5. It was the Ivy League colleges of New England that nurtured the Catholic Senator Kennedy, and it is to them that he turns for expert advice in politics and in economics. Can Mr. Getlein forgive the Protestants for this?

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6. Regardless of how the election comes out, millions of Protestants (including this one) will have voted for a Catholic for President. Does Mr. Getlein, or any one else, imagine for a moment that an equal proportion of Roman Catholic voters will have supported a Protestant for President?

In spite of Mr. Getlein's reverse brand of religio-political Peale-ism, many of us are still hopeful that Catholics and Protestants in this country – after a little help from the Jews – will yet learn to live together like Christians.

Robert E. Fitch
Berkeley, California

The Decline of the Farm

Sirs:

In Robert Lekachman's review of David Lloyd's *Spend and Survive,* (Oct. 17), he makes the point that "the efficient, medium-sized farm, run by a single family, has demonstrated its viability." Doubtless, that is true in New England, but there is another side to the picture, the one presented by Mr. Lloyd, well known to us who live in the great grain producing sections of the US. The family farm in the past has generally averaged 160 acres, though often smaller and sometimes larger. In the past few years, the necessity of mechanization of the grain producing farms of the Middle West and far West, far outnumbering in acreage the family sized farms, has reached the point where 500 or 600 acres is the minimum that can be farmed economically, and 1,000 acres or larger is the average. The capital required for such farms ranges from $150,000 up into the stratosphere. Such huge capital requirements are steadily driving out the family farm. On balance, Mr. Lloyd has more to substantiate his point of view than Mr. Lekachman allows him.

Benjamin H. Kizer
Spokane, Washington

More Record-Straightening

Sirs:

In his article "Apropos of Quotation Mongering" (Aug. 29), Abraham Brumberg accuses me of manufacturing a sentence in a statement "purportedly authored by Karl Kautsky." He also alleges that I asserted Kautsky "advocated 'slave labor' under socialism" which, as Mr. Brumberg says, "does not accord with *anything* we know about the actual aims . . . of the socialist parties of the 19th Century."

First, I did not say that Kautsky "advocated" slave labor, I simply indicated that he "wrote" the statement allegedly invented by me.

Second, I emphasized that "social democrats and socialists oppose the Communists on this point [of slave or compulsory labor] very strongly." I did criticize them for not repudiating clearly enough Marx's *Communist Manifesto* which calls for "equal liability of all to labor. Establishment of industrial armies, especially for agriculture." Mr. Brumberg misunderstood my argument.

Third, lack of space prevents me from disproving Mr. Brumberg's statement that I imputed to Kautsky's passage "a totally different and misleading meaning."

As to the "purported" quote itself, Mr. Brumberg asserts the final sentence of my quotation "is nonexistent in the original." He is mistaken. The sentence does exist and can be found on page 168 of *Das Erfuter Programm in seinem grundsaetzlichen Teil,* zweite Auflage, Stuttgart, Dietz, 1892. The American translation, *The Class Struggle, (Erfurt Program),* Chicago, Kerr, 1910, p. 150 reads as follows: "In this respect the wage-earner today has a certain freedom in comparison with the worker in a socialist society." The translation I used reads: "The workman today enjoys more liberty than he will possess in a socialist society."

Kautsky's "purported" passage, incidentally, was published when Friedrich Engels was still active. The master never took exception to his favorite disciple's interpretation.

Mr. Brumberg has been shocked by the Kautsky statement ever since he saw it, in a manuscript of mine, some seven years ago. In due time his incisive mind will discover that the ideals of socialism cannot be attained by the means which the socialists propose as panaceas. The importance of the Kautsky passage is precisely that occasionally, socialists of the greatest stature have been aware of this truth.

Stefan T. Possony
Professor of International Politics
Georgetown University
Washington, D. C.

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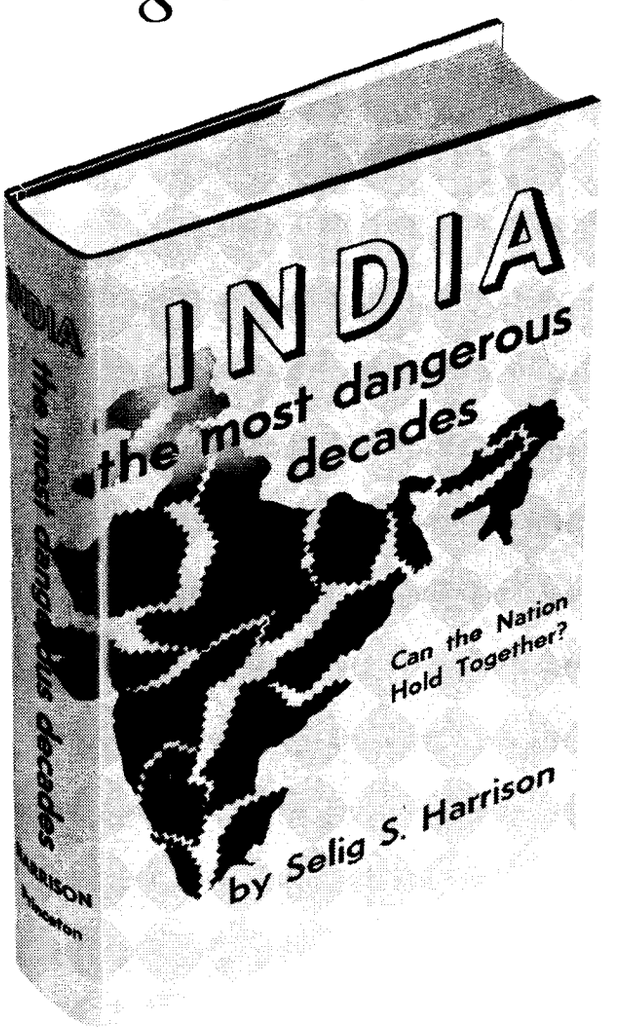

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